NO. 3

THE CHALLENGER COMICS

JULY • AUGUST • SEPTEMBER
1946

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FOR 64 PAGES OF THRILL-PACKED ACTION STORIES

LETTERS TO THE CHALLENGER

Dear Sir:

This is the first Comic Magazine which I have come across which actually has a real value in it for readers of all ages, races and creeds. The problem which you have set out to cure is one which is the enemy to all free people, as you have stated in your Pledge.

I have just graduated from Manhattan Senior High School, in which one of our courses was American Problems. We studied the Negro problem, and I for one am convinced it, along with religious propaganda, and propaganda given out to set nation against nation is the big opposition finding world peace. I am going to college now, and intend to help fight this problem with all the power God will give me.

Here in Manhattan, the Ministers Association have started a fight against segregation of Negroes in the theaters of Manhattan. They are putting a "bill" before the Chamber of Commerce. God willing, one step further will be taken to give Negroes their human rights.

Once more I wish to commend you for your magazine, for though I am only 18½ years old, I do recognize a profitable comic magazine after I have read it.

Sincerely yours,

Willis C. Patten

Manhattan, Kansas

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a poem in which I've written regarding race friendliness:

Our World

Our world is combined of different races
Some are overseas and in other places.
Let joy and happiness ring out with myrth,
And eliminate hate all o'er the earth.
So let's go all out for a better world free,
Make friends with other nationalities, that's
the way to be.

Yours very truly,

Frank Woods

Chicago , Illinois

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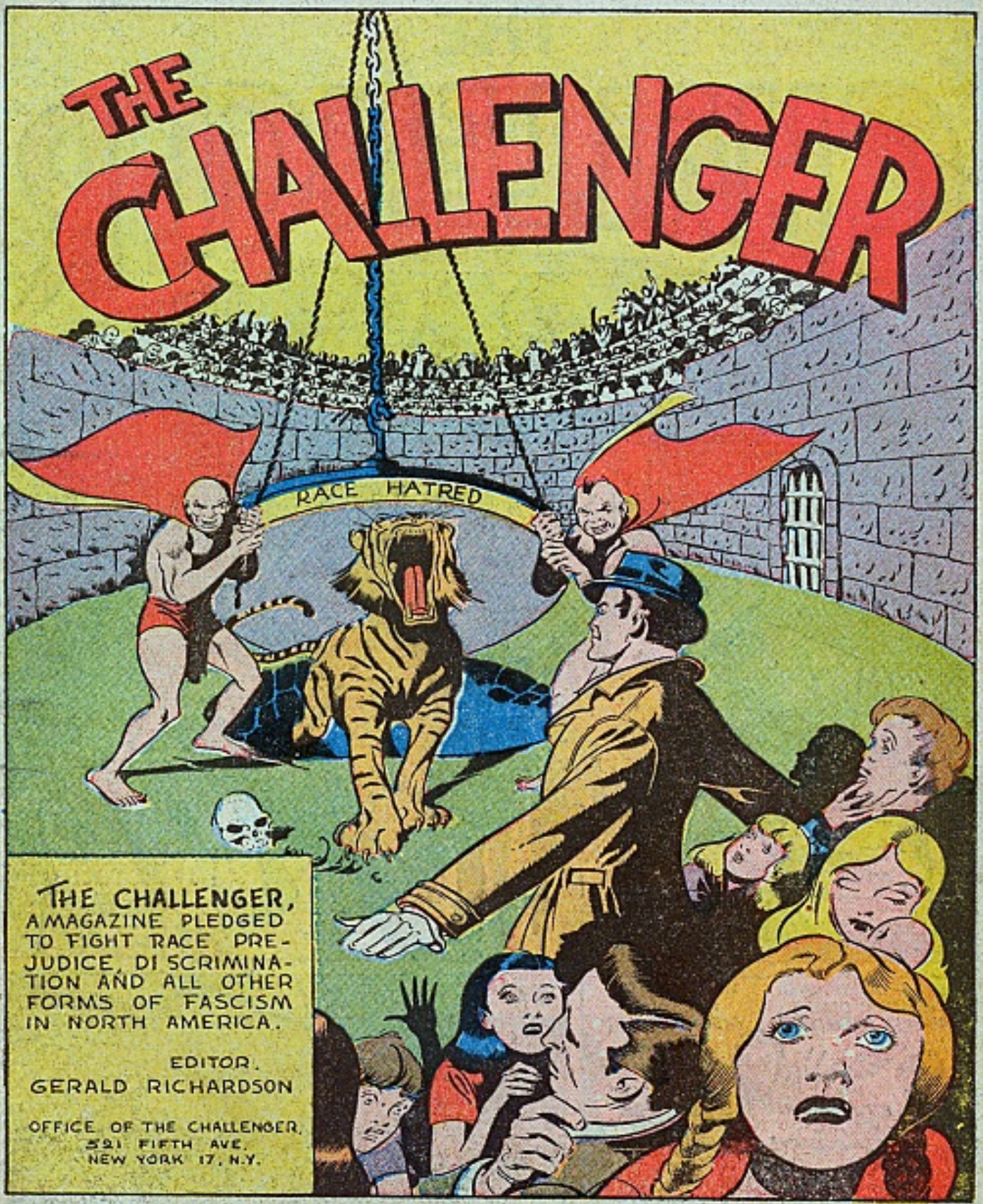

THE CHALLENGER, A MAGAZINE PLEDGED TO FIGHT RACE PREJUDICE, DISCRIMINATION AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF FASCISM IN NORTH AMERICA.

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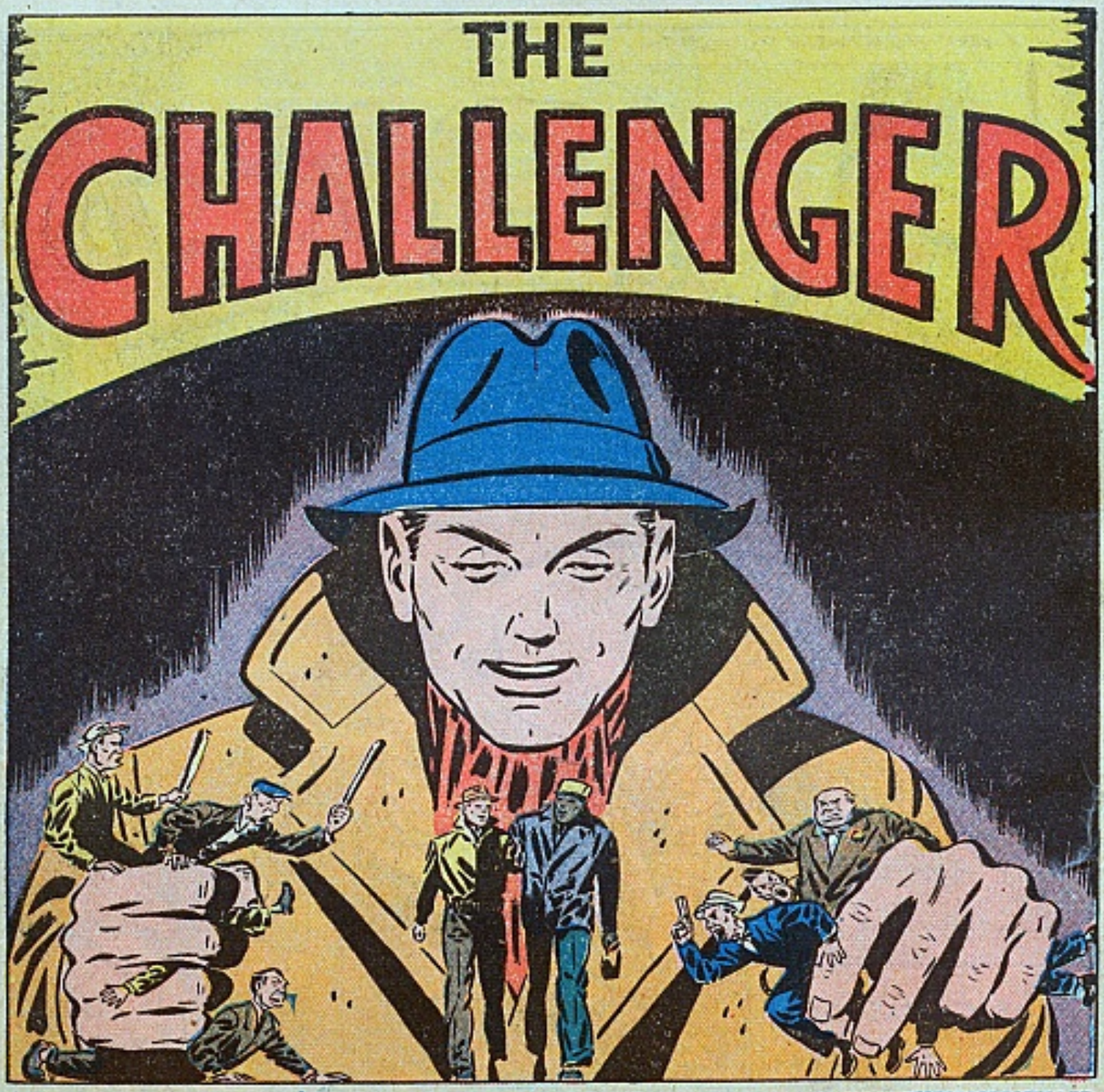
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE CHALLENGER



WHO IS AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE FASCIST FIGHTER?
WHO FIGHTS NEGRO DISCRIMINATION?
WHO BELIEVES IN REAL DEMOCRACY?
WHO IS THE SCOURGE OF RACE HATERS?

IN A VERY FASHIONABLE PART OF THE CITY---
WE'LL TALK PRICE AFTER YOU GIVE ME THE LOW-DOWN, TUMBRELL. ANYWAY--WHAT'S MONEY TO A RICH GUY LIKE YOU!
WE WANT AN INCIDENT, DREGHER! WE WANT TO SPLIT THE UNIONS! WE WANT RACE HATRED! WE WANT TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL "T"!
THAT TAKES MONEY WITH CAPITALS, M-O-N-E-Y!
MONEY'S UNIMPORTANT. WE WANT RESULTS! UNEMPLOYMENT IS MAKING THE PEOPLE RESTLESS... I WANT THEIR ATTENTION TURNED AWAY FROM JOBS!
YOU WANT WORKERS TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, RIGHT? YOU WANT RIOTS.... WHAT I GAVE YOU BACK IN 1943. YOU WANT SOME BANG-BANG, EH?
YOU EXPRESS YOURSELF ADMIRABLY, DREGHER! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT! BANG-BANG, INDEED! HA, HA!
IT'S A DEAL, TUMBRELL! THIS TOWN'S GOING TO SEE REAL FIREWORKS!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE MAN'S A GEM! DREGHER'LL HAVE THE WORKERS HATING THEIR OWN MOTHERS BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER DISTRICT---
WE NEED 'THE CHALLENGER'S HELP, MR. DAY! THE UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS IN OUR CITY IS PRETTY BAD. OVER 300,000 ARE JOBLESS, AND THEIR FEARS ARE GETTING THE BETTER OF THEM!
SO REV. THOMPSON WROTE ME! YOUR CITY HAS A LARGE NEGRO POPULATION. DO YOU THINK THEY WILL BE THE TARGET OF THE REACTIONARIES?

I'M CERTAIN OF IT! SOME OF OUR BIG BUSINESS MEN ARE THE WORST FASCISTS! THEY'LL FOMENT TROUBLE BETWEEN THE WHITES AND NEGROES!
THERE HAVE BEEN INCIDENTS ALREADY, MR. CHARGIN. COLORED WORKERS HAVE BEEN BEATEN UP BY PROFESSIONAL LABOR-BAITERS!

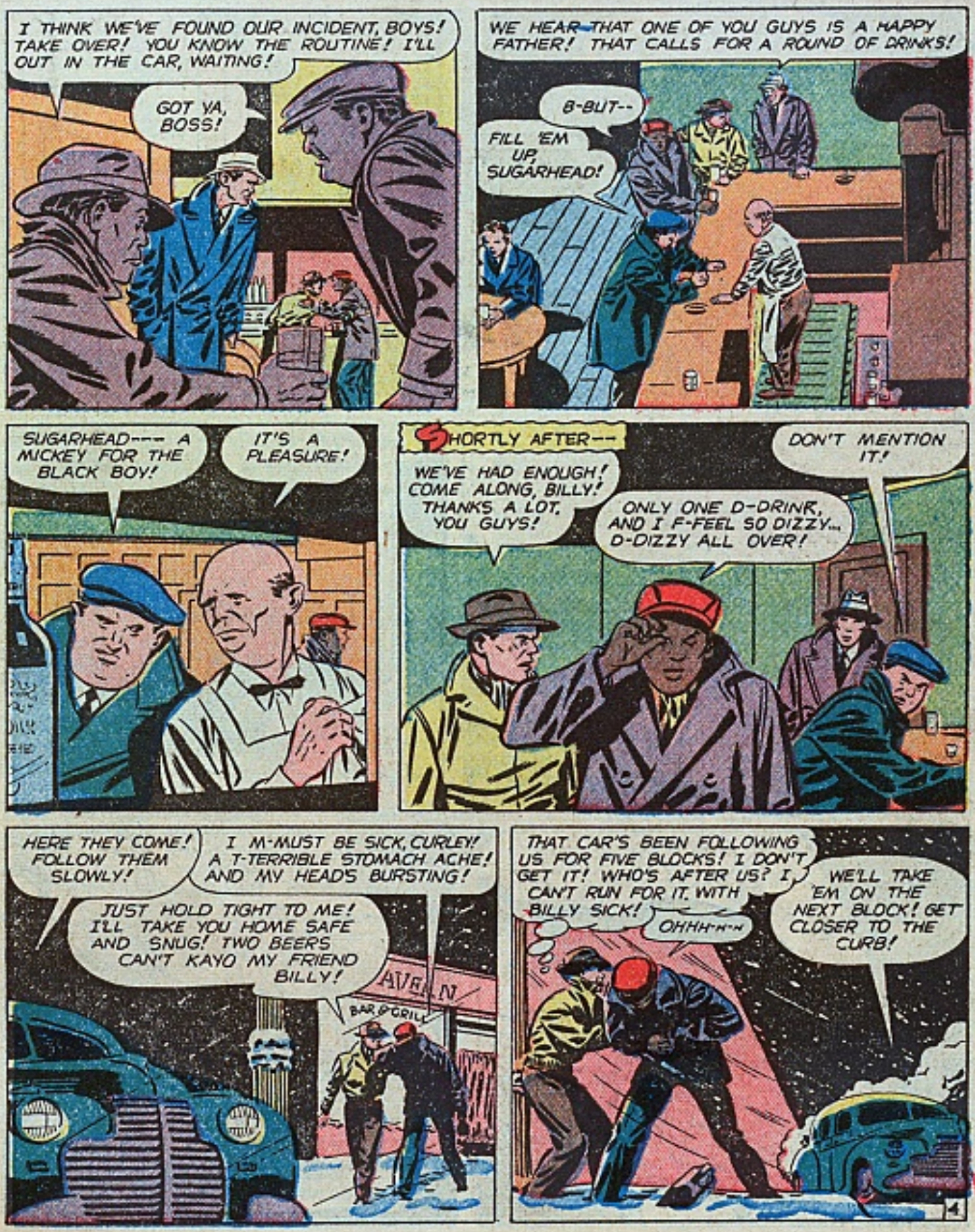
THIS IS A BIG CITY, MR. DAY. SMALL TOWNS TAKE THEIR CUES FROM US! IF THEY SEE SOCIAL INJUSTICE HERE, THE EPIDEMIC WILL SPREAD. AMERICAN NAZIS WILL GROW BOLD WHEN THEY SEE THE PEOPLE ARE DIVIDED, AND BATTLING EACH OTHER!
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!

THE ENEMY LIKES TO HAVE US ON THE DEFENSIVE: WELL, WE SHALL ASSUME THE OFFENSIVE, AND MAKE HIM VERY UNHAPPY! YOU WERE RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A JOB FOR 'THE CHALLENGER'!
FINE! GREAT STUFF!
WE ARE IMMENSELY RELIEVED!

AND SO, BILL DAY, 'THE CHALLENGER' CONTINUES HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST AMERICAN FASCISM

BUT EVIL CAN FIND ITS SEED IN INNOCENCE— ESPECIALLY WHEN EVIL DELIBERATELY PLANTS IT
NOW WE CAN CELEBRATE, CURLEY, EH! IT ISN'T EVERY DAY I'M A POPPA! A TOAST TO MY KID BEFORE WE GO HOME!
SURE THING, BILLY! JUST LET ME LIGHT UP!

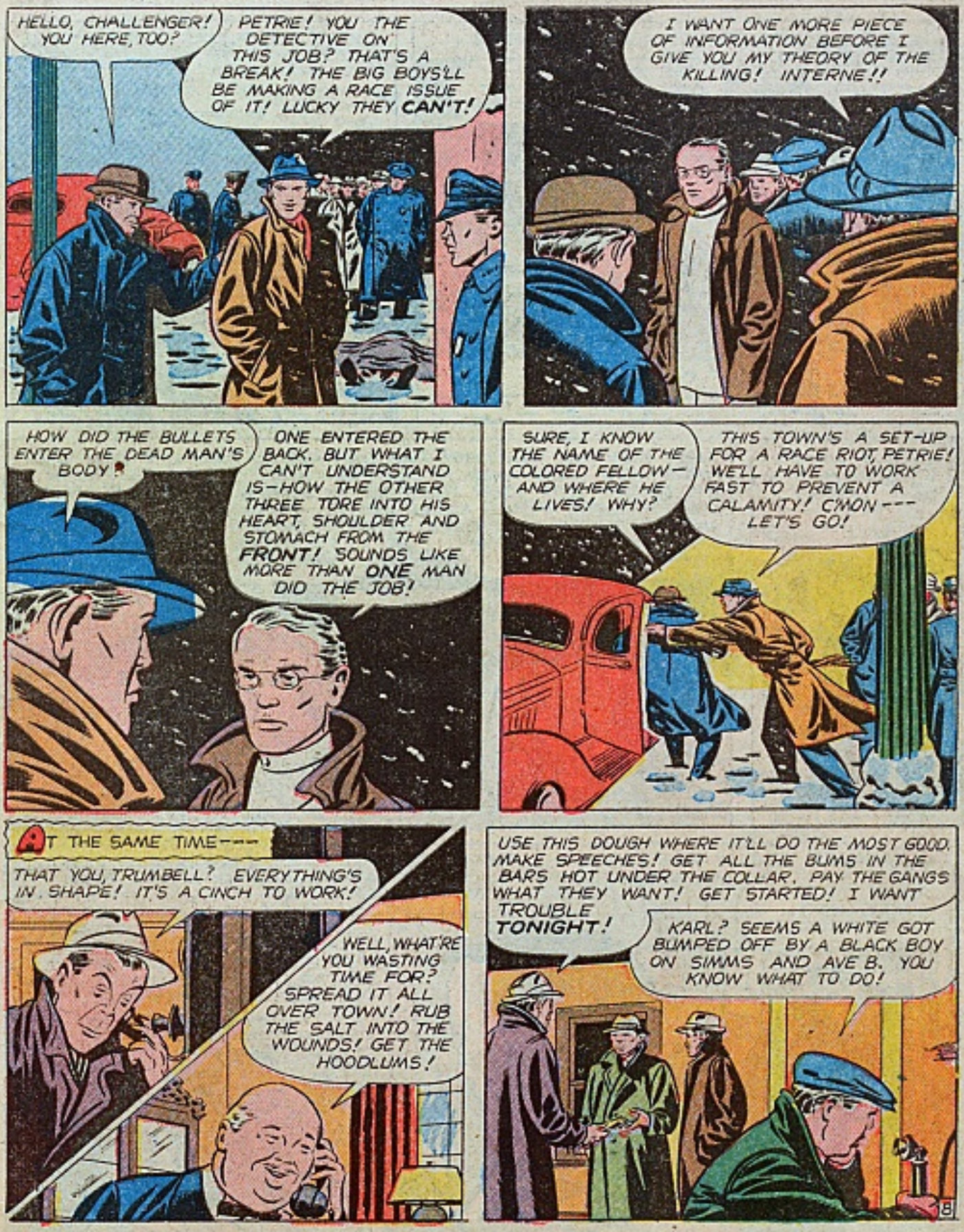
SHORTLY AFTER--
CUTE SHOT, BILL! HOW'D YOU TAKE IT?
INDOORS--WITH A FLASH BULB! ISN'T THE KID SOMETHING? IT'S MY FOURTH-- BUT MY FIRST GIRL!


I THINK WE'VE FOUND OUR INCIDENT, BOYS! TAKE OVER! YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE! I'LL OUT IN THE CAR, WAITING!
GOT YA, BOSS!
WE HEAR THAT ONE OF YOU GUYS IS A HAPPY FATHER! THAT CALLS FOR A ROUND OF DRINKS!
B-BUT--
FILL 'EM UP, SUGARHEAD!
SUGARHEAD--- A MICKEY FOR THE BLACK BOY!
IT'S A PLEASURE!
SHORTLY AFTER---
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! COME ALONG, BILLY! THANKS A LOT, YOU GUYS!
DON'T MENTION IT!
ONLY ONE D-DRINK, AND I F-FEEL SO DIZZY... D-DIZZY ALL OVER!
HERE THEY COME! FOLLOW THEM SLOWLY!
I M-MUST BE SICK, CURLEY! A T-TERRIBLE STOMACH ACHE! AND MY HEAD'S BURSTING!
JUST HOLD TIGHT TO ME! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME SAFE AND SNUG! TWO BEERS CAN'T KAYO MY FRIEND BILLY!
AVE N
BAR & GRILL
THAT CAR'S BEEN FOLLOWING US FOR FIVE BLOCKS! I DON'T GET IT! WHO'S AFTER US? I CAN'T RUN FOR IT, WITH BILLY SICK!
OHHH-H-H
WE'LL TAKE 'EM ON THE NEXT BLOCK! GET CLOSER TO THE CURB!
4

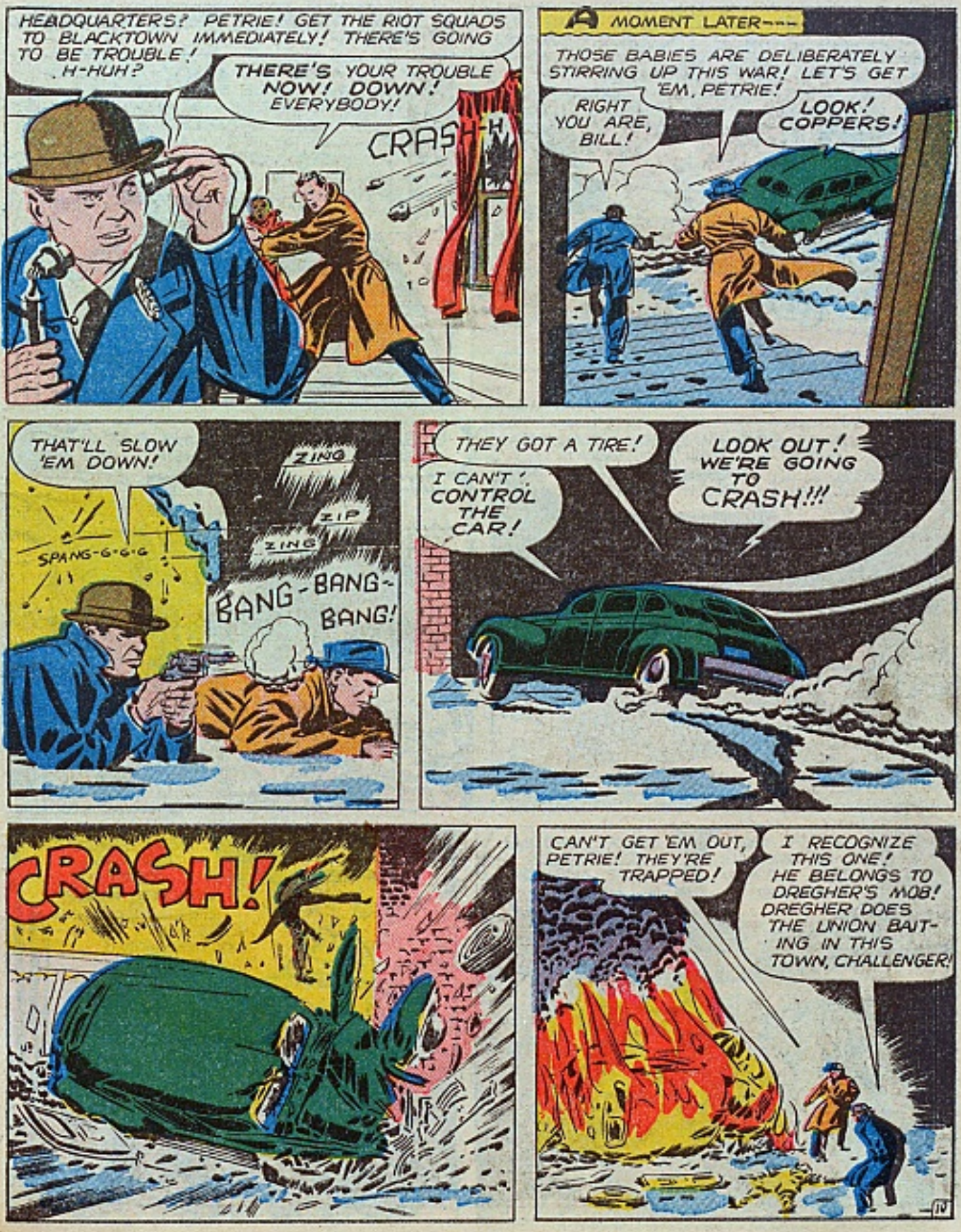
CLOSER! CLOSER! THIS SHOT'S GOT TO WIN A LOT OF CIGARS!
GOOD GOD! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US!
POST NO BILLS
WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT ME??
DUCKING WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, SEE?
BANG!
HELP! H-HELP, MURDER!
FASTER, YOU LUG! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
WHAT D'YA THINK YOU'VE GOT YOUR GUN FOR?
GOT THE BEGGAR! SLOW DOWN AND I'LL FINISH HIM!
BANG
OHHH
BANG, BANG! THAT'S WHAT TUMBRELL WANTED! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, SUCKER!
N-NO... OH-HHHH
BANG BANG
BANG BANG
5

IF YOU PLUGGED HIM THE FIRST TIME, WE WOULDN'T BE WASTING SO MUCH TIME, AND TAKING SO MANY CHANCES!
SO WHAT? IT'S WORKING OUT FINE! GOT THE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH?
HURRY UP, WILL YA? WE'RE LIVIN' IN LUCK! THIS AIN'T GONNA LAST FOREVER!
THIS GUN'LL LOOK BETTER ON YOU THAN ON ME, BLACK BOY! NOW TO SPRINKLE A LITTLE PERFUME ON YOU!
NOW THAT MICKEY FINN'LL BE JUST AN ISLAND FLOATING IN AN OCEAN OF SCOTCH! TUSH, MUSTN'T WASTE ANY--
O.K., GET GOING! BACK TO THE BAR!
SHORTLY AFTER--
WELL?
PERFECT! ANYBODY NOTICE US GOING OR COMING?
NAW! I TALKED THINGS OVER WITH SUGARHEAD, AND HE WANTS TO GO ON LIVIN'! HE'LL REMEMBER NOTHIN'!
WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN---
THAT'S THE SECOND TO GO PAST IN ONE MINUTE! BET THERE'S TROUBLE!
TWO POLICE CARS! HMMM---I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!
6

FEW MINUTES AFTER--
TROUBLE IS RIGHT! I WONDER WHAT THE STORY IS!
STAND BACK, THERE!
DEAD ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES! HE'S STILL BLEEDING! LOOKS LIKE TWO OR THREE SHOTS DID IT!
WHO DID IT, OFFICER? HAVE YOU CAUGHT THE KILLER?
YEAH, A COLORED GUY, DEAD DRUNK, DOWN THE BLOCK!
SLAP THE RAT HARDER, TIM!
WON'T DO NO GOOD! HE'S PLASTERED LIKE A WALL!
HOLY SMOKES! WON'T THE REACTIONARIES GO TO TOWN ON THIS!
KILL A WHITE MAN, WILL HE? STRING HIM UP!
LEMME AT HIM!
A BULLET HOLE IN THE FENCE! HOLD ON! --I RECALL SEEING ONE AROUND THE CORNER WHERE THE CORPSE WAS LYING! BULLETS DON'T BEND AROUND CORNERS!
WHAT'S THE SENSE OF KILLING A MAN ON THE CORNER, THEN RUNNING BACK AND COLLAPSING FORTY FEET FROM THAT CORNER? --SMELLS FUNNY! AH, HERE'S THE BULLET!
GET HIM, GUYS! WE'LL SHOW THE SKUNK! WE'LL SHOW HIM FOR KILLING WHITES!
THEN, EXTRACTING THE BULLET IN THE FENCE AROUND THE CORNER---
SAME GUN! EVEN IF HE STAGGERED BACK HERE, HE'D HAVE FALLEN FACING THE OTHER WAY!
17


HELLO, CHALLENGER! YOU HERE, TOO?
PETRIE! YOU THE DETECTIVE ON THIS JOB? THAT'S A BREAK! THE BIG BOYS'LL BE MAKING A RACE ISSUE OF IT! LUCKY THEY CAN'T!
I WANT ONE MORE PIECE OF INFORMATION BEFORE I GIVE YOU MY THEORY OF THE KILLING! INTERNE!!
HOW DID THE BULLETS ENTER THE DEAD MAN'S BODY?
ONE ENTERED THE BACK. BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS—HOW THE OTHER THREE TORE INTO HIS HEART, SHOULDER AND STOMACH FROM THE FRONT! SOUNDS LIKE MORE THAN ONE MAN DID THE JOB!
SURE, I KNOW THE NAME OF THE COLORED FELLOW—AND WHERE HE LIVES! WHY?
THIS TOWN'S A SET-UP FOR A RACE RIOT, PETRIE! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO PREVENT A CALAMITY! C'MON--- LET'S GO!
AT THE SAME TIME---
THAT YOU, TRUMBELL? EVERYTHING'S IN SHAPE! IT'S A CINCH TO WORK!
WELL, WHAT'RE YOU WASTING TIME FOR? SPREAD IT ALL OVER TOWN! RUB THE SALT INTO THE WOUNDS! GET THE HOODLUMS!
USE THIS DOUGH WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD. MAKE SPEECHES! GET ALL THE BUMS IN THE BARS HOT UNDER THE COLLAR. PAY THE GANGS WHAT THEY WANT! GET STARTED! I WANT TROUBLE TONIGHT!
KARL? SEEMS A WHITE GOT BUMPED OFF BY A BLACK BOY ON SIMMS AND AVE B. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
8

THE BLOOD HOUNDS OF THE FASCISTS START TO WHIP UP A RIOT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHEEEEeee
THE BLACKS HAVE DECLARED WAR ON THE WHITES! UP AND AT 'EM!
BANG
BANG
BANG
C'MON! THE BLACKS JUST SHOT AND KILLED TEN WHITE MEN! THEY RAN OVER A COUPLE OF KIDS TOO! WE'RE GOIN' AFTER 'EM!
THE @#!
LET'S GO GET 'EM!
BANG
WAIT'LL I SHOVE ZISH GLASH INTA THEM FASHES! HIC
FIRST THEY TAKE YOUR JOBS! THEN THEY PUT ON AIRS LIKE THEY WAS WHITE MEN! NOW-WHEN YA CAN'T GET A BITE TO EAT, THEY COIN THE DOUGH! GOT YOUR JOBS-THE RATS! NOW, IF THAT AIN'T ENOUGH, THEY'RE GOIN' AROUND KILLIN' AND BEATIN' UP WOMEN AND CHILDREN! YOUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN!
LET'S GO INTO "BLACKTOWN" AND TEACH THEM A LESSON... TONIGHT! ARE YOU WITH ME?
WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR?
YEAH!
LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE, AT BILLY JONES' HOUSE--
SEEMS TO BE EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS!
THERE, THERE, MRS. JONES, I KNOW BILLY DIDN'T KILL CURLEY MARTIN. EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT!
B-BILLY NEVER GOT LIQUORED UP IN HIS LIFE, MR. DAY! -AND HE NEVER TOUCHED A GUN IN HIS LIFE! I KNOW! WHY-- CURLEY AND HIM W-WERE PALS FOR YEARS! (SOB)!


HEADQUARTERS? PETRIE! GET THE RIOT SQUADS TO BLACKTOWN IMMEDIATELY! THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!
H-HUH?
THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE NOW! DOWN! EVERYBODY!
CRASH-H
A MOMENT LATER---
THOSE BABIES ARE DELIBERATELY STIRRING UP THIS WAR! LET'S GET 'EM, PETRIE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, BILL!
LOOK! COPPERS!
THAT'LL SLOW 'EM DOWN!
ZING
ZIP
ZING
SPANG-G-G-G
BANG-BANG-BANG!
THEY GOT A TIRE!
I CAN'T CONTROL THE CAR!
LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!!!
CRASH!
CAN'T GET 'EM OUT, PETRIE! THEY'RE TRAPPED!
I RECOGNIZE THIS ONE! HE BELONGS TO DREGHER'S MOB! DREGHER DOES THE UNION BAITING IN THIS TOWN, CHALLENGER!

SHORTLY AFTER--
TAKE OVER, AND THEN PUT IN A CALL FOR ALL POLICE RESERVES! THE HOODLUMS ARE COMING IN!
COME ON, PETRIE! EVERY SECOND COUNTS! WE'VE GOT TO GET DREGHER!
YES SIR!
TEARING THROUGH THE STREETS ON SCREAMING TIRES ---
YOU SEE, RIOTS ARE MADE - NOT BORN, PETRIE! THE FASCISTS PICK ON THE WORST ELEMENTS TO ROUSE THE PEOPLE WITH LIES AND FILTHY LEGENDS, COLLECT A MOB OF DRUNKS AND PROFESSIONAL HOODLUMS AND GANGSTERS, AND THEN "CRUSADE" AGAINST A MINORITY!
HORRIBLE! JUST HORRIBLE!
THERE'S DREGHER'S HANGOUT! --SUGARHEAD'S SALOON. MAYBE WE CAN FIND WHAT DREGHER'S UP TO FROM THERE!
- IF LUCK IS WITH US --
SUGARHEAD, WE'RE LOOKING FOR DREGHER! WHERE IS HE?
WH-?! D-DREGHER AIN'T H-HERE! N-NO SIR!
WATCH HIM, PETRIE! I'LL LOOK AROUND!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! AIN'T NOBODY HERE!
COPS! WE'RE TRAPPED!
BZ-Z-ZZ-Z-Z
WE'LL SHOOT OUR WAY OUT! DON'T WORRY!

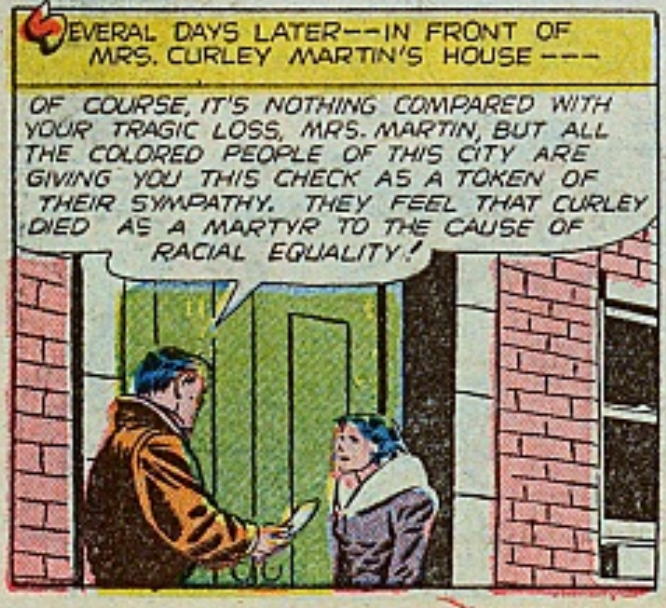
TAKE IT, COPPER!
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT IS OUR FRIEND DREGHER!
BANG!
BANG!
BAM!
THAT'S THE STUFF, BOYS! IT'S A PERFECT SHIELD!
CLEVER PETRIE! THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED HIM AT ALL! IT'S TIME TO PULL A STUNT!
BANG
BANG
BANG BANG
YEOWW!
WE GOT HIM! NOW LET'S MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
BANG
BANG
OHH!
ANOTHER??
MMMFFF
BANG-BANG
--AND STILL ANOTHER, DREGHER!
UGHH!
DON'T KILL ME! I'M THROWING MY GUN AWAY, SEE?- SEE?
WHO'S BEHIND YOUR RING, DREGHER?
OUT WITH IT, YOU SNAKE!
12

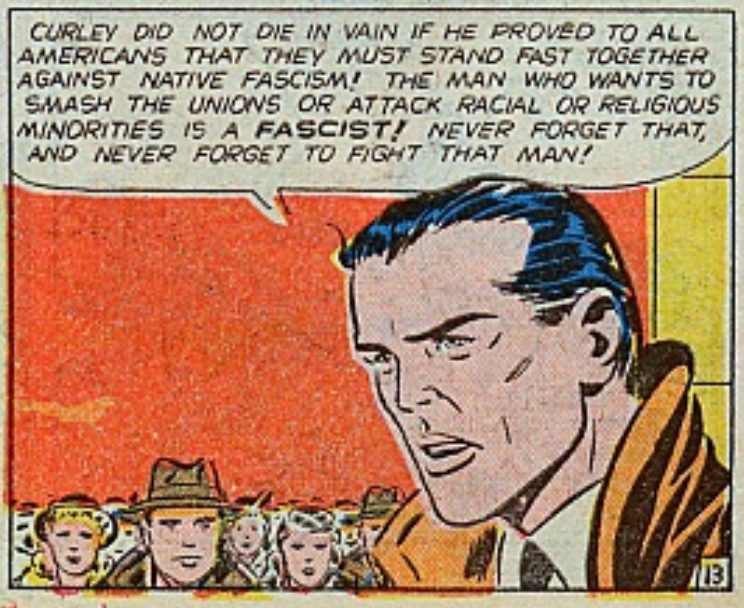
IF I GIVE STATE'S EVIDENCE, WILL I BEAT THE CHAIR? WILL I?-- I'LL TALK THEN! I'LL TALK A LOT!
WE CAN'T PROMISE! NOW TELL US WHO'S BEHIND THIS RACKET? WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL CURLEY MARTIN AND FRAME BILLY JONES?

I SLIPPED JONES A MICKEY, KILLED MARTIN, AND PLANTED THE GUN ON JONES! I WAS GOING TO CREATE AN INCIDENT FOR A RACE RIOT. I GOT PAID FOR THE JOB BY B.J. TUMBRELL! HE'S BEHIND EVERY PIECE OF NEGRO AND LABOR-BAITING IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY! GET TUMBRELL! WHY SHOULD THE BIG SHOTS ALWAYS GET OFF WHILE WE TAKE THE RAP? LET TUMBRELL SIT IN JAIL! LET HIS MONEY ROT!

MEANWHILE, OWING TO THE CHALLENGER'S AND PETRIE'S QUICK MOVES, THE RIOT IS STOPPED...
MORE TEAR GAS! THEY'RE BREAKING!

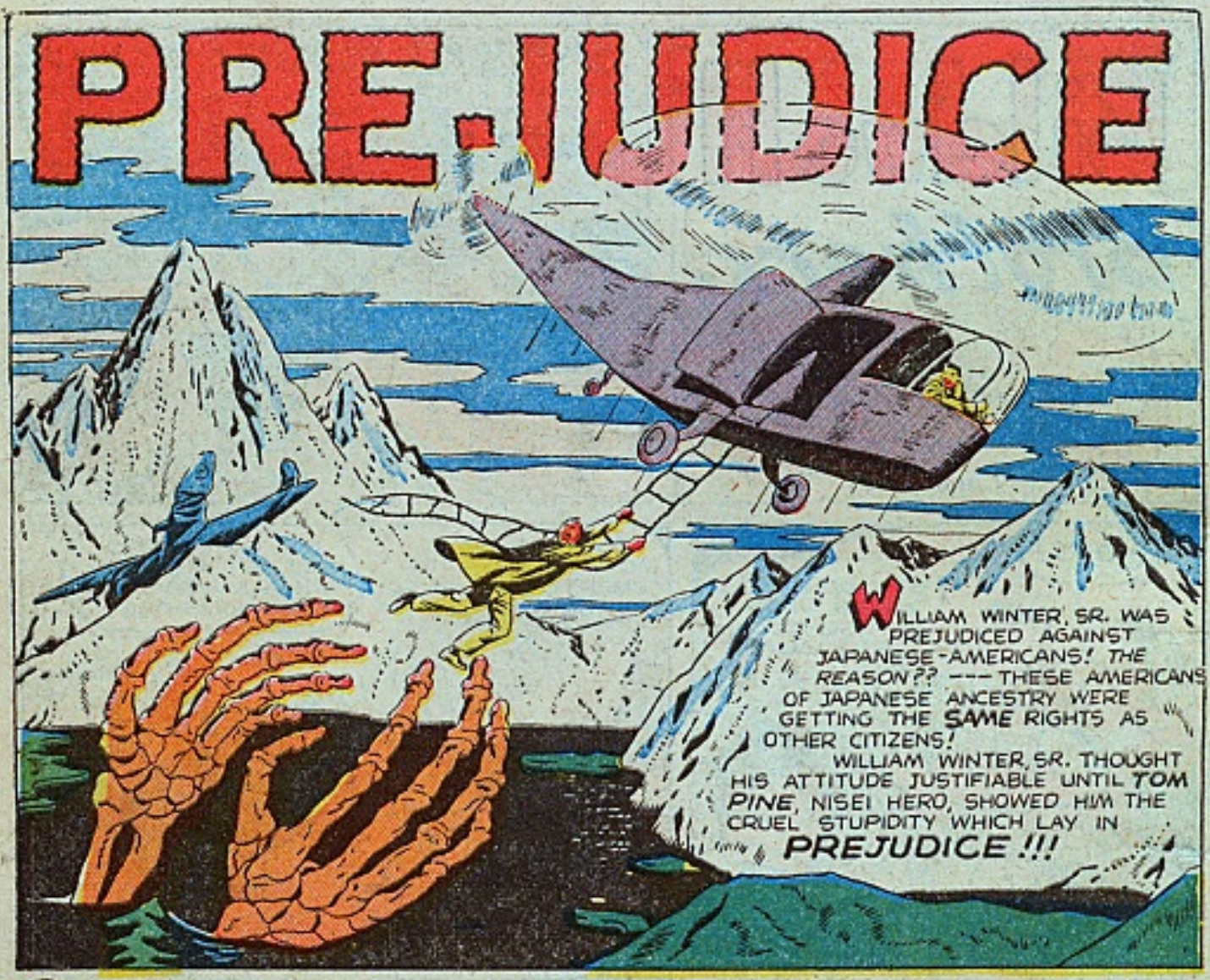
THE NEXT DAY, AT TUMBRELL'S OFFICE---
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION? GET OUT!!
YES--AND-- BEFORE LONG, YOUR LOVELY COMPANIONS WILL BE JOINING YOU! WHAT A HAPPY FAMILY YOU'LL BE... ALL IN THE SAME CELL BLOCK!
TUMBRELL, I HAVE A WARRANT HERE, FOR YOUR ARREST.


SEVERAL DAYS LATER--IN FRONT OF MRS. CURLEY MARTIN'S HOUSE---
OF COURSE, IT'S NOTHING COMPARED WITH YOUR TRAGIC LOSS, MRS. MARTIN, BUT ALL THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THIS CITY ARE GIVING YOU THIS CHECK AS A TOKEN OF THEIR SYMPATHY. THEY FEEL THAT CURLEY DIED AS A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE OF RACIAL EQUALITY!


CURLEY DID NOT DIE IN VAIN IF HE PROVED TO ALL AMERICANS THAT THEY MUST STAND FAST TOGETHER AGAINST NATIVE FASCISM! THE MAN WHO WANTS TO SMASH THE UNIONS OR ATTACK RACIAL OR RELIGIOUS MINORITIES IS A FASCIST! NEVER FORGET THAT, AND NEVER FORGET TO FIGHT THAT MAN!
13

the Bildwell Brothers.
CONK
C. M. Winter
WE HAVE TO GET THIS BROKEN OLD SIDEWALK FIXED, TIMMY!
YOU POUR AND I'LL MIX, TEDDY!
CEMENT
OOPS!
WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE STUMBLING!
TIMMY, I CAN'T MOVE AT ALL! THE CEMENT'S HARDENED ON ME!
I'LL HAVE TO GO AND GET A CHISEL AND HAMMER TO CHOP YOU FREE!
I'LL PULL YOU OVER HERE A WAY, SO PEOPLE WON'T FALL OVER YOU LYING THERE ON THE SIDEWALK!
GLUB
MAMA, WHO'S SIDE WAS THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE ON, HUH?

PRE-JUDICE


WILLIAM WINTER, SR. WAS PREJUDICED AGAINST JAPANESE-AMERICANS! THE REASON?? --- THESE AMERICANS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY WERE GETTING THE SAME RIGHTS AS OTHER CITIZENS!
WILLIAM WINTER, SR. THOUGHT HIS ATTITUDE JUSTIFIABLE UNTIL TOM PINE, NISEI HERO, SHOWED HIM THE CRUEL STUPIDITY WHICH LAY IN PREJUDICE !!!

CAPTAIN TOM PINE CAME HOME FROM WAR TO A HAPPY BUT ANXIOUS FAMILY---
---AND I SAY IT WON'T BE EASY GETTING A JOB AT PAN-PACIFIC, TOM! MAYBE IT WAS DIFFERENT IN THE AIR OVER TOKYO, BUT HERE AT HOME, MANY FOLKS ARE PREJUDICED AGAINST JAPANESE-AMERICANS!
OH, NONSENSE! YOU'RE EXAGGERATING THE CASE! WEREN'T WE ALL FIGHTING AND DYING FOR THE SAME CAUSE?

YOU AND I KNOW THAT! BUT A LOT OF NARROW-MINDED PEOPLE DON'T! THE ONLY THING THEY WANT TO DO WITH THE "AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE" IS--TAKE IT AWAY FROM THE MINORITIES!
A BIG OUTFIT LIKE PAN-PACIFIC IS DIFFERENT--IT HAS NO PREJUDICES! DON'T WORRY--I'LL GET A JOB THERE TOMORROW!

NEXT DAY--
MR. WINTER WON'T SEE YOU, CAPTAIN PINE. HE SAYS PAN-PACIFIC HAS NOTHING TO OFFER YOU!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT MR. WINTER IS LOOKING FOR PILOTS WITH FAR EASTERN EXPERIENCE! I QUALIFY PERFECTLY!

I BEG TO DIFFER! YOU DON'T! GOOD-DAY, CAPTAIN --SAY! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
GOOD DAY, NOTHING! I'LL HEAR WINTER'S REASONS FROM HIM--NOT FROM HIS OFFICE GIRL!
GOOD BOY! HE'S GOT NERVE!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION? I TOLD MY SECRETARY I DIDN'T WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!
ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY YOU THINK I DON'T QUALIFY FOR YOUR ORGANIZATION!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU! BECAUSE YOU'RE A JAP! BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR RACE KILLED MY ONLY SON! I'D DIE BEFORE I'D HIRE ONE OF YOU!
WHY DO YOU THINK I WEAR THIS UNIFORM? AND THIS PURPLE HEART! --BECAUSE I'M AN AMERICAN, WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY, AND FOUGHT TO SAVE IT!

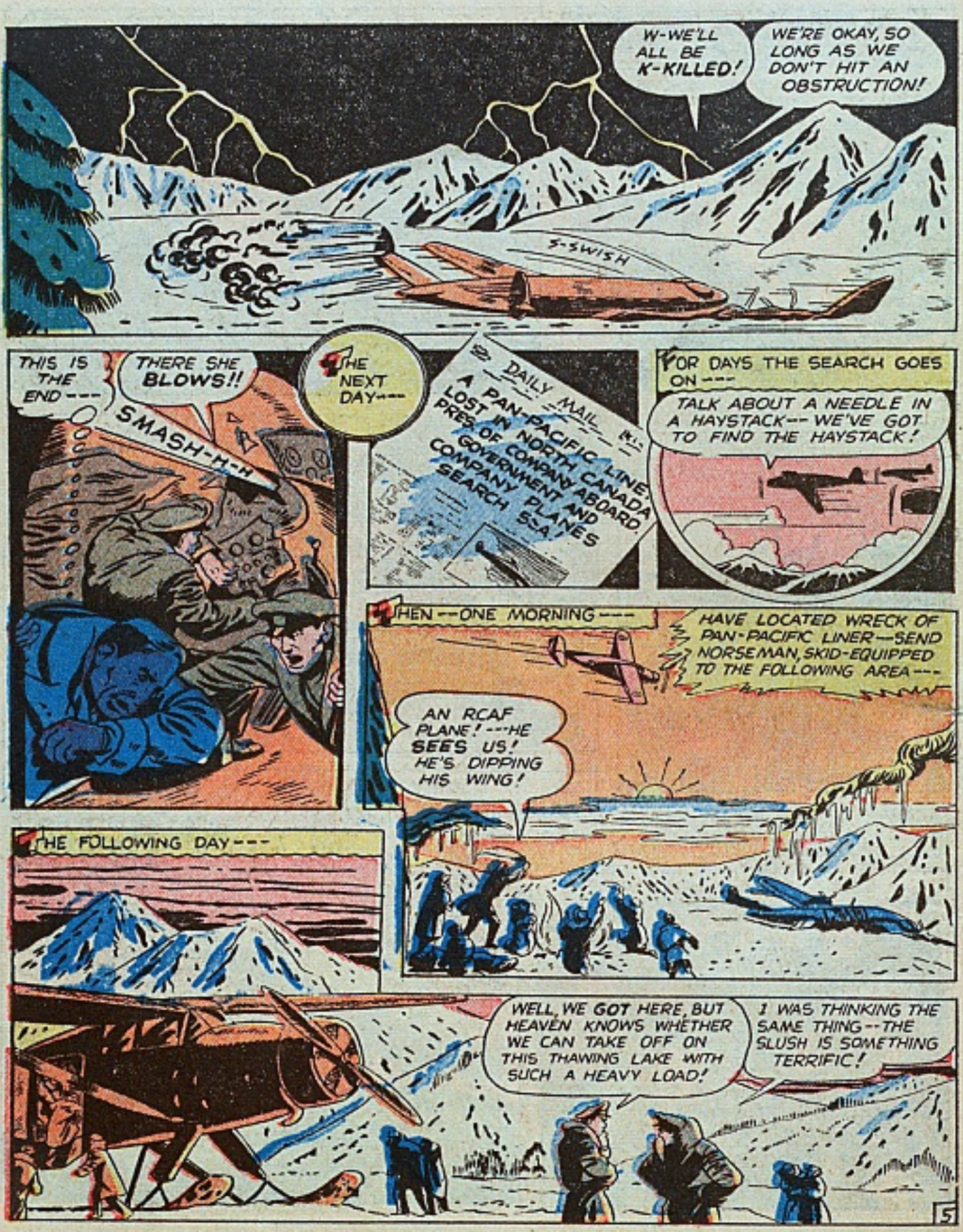
TELL IT TO TOJO!--DON'T TELL IT TO 100% AMERICANS! I WOULDN'T TRUST YOU WITH ONE OF MY PLANES!
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN A DICTATOR YOURSELF, WINTER--WITH YOUR FASCIST PREJUDICES I'D STARVE BEFORE I'D WORK FOR YOU, OR ANY LIKE YOU!

MOMENTS LATER--
NO DICE FOR YOU, EITHER! WELL--- DON'T LET WINTER GET YOU DOWN! HE DOESN'T SPEAK FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY--ONLY FOR A HANDFUL OF FOOLS!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! I SAW YOU IN WINTER'S OFFICE, TOO! WHAT'S HE GOT AGAINST YOU? YOU'RE NOT A JAPANESE-AMERICAN!

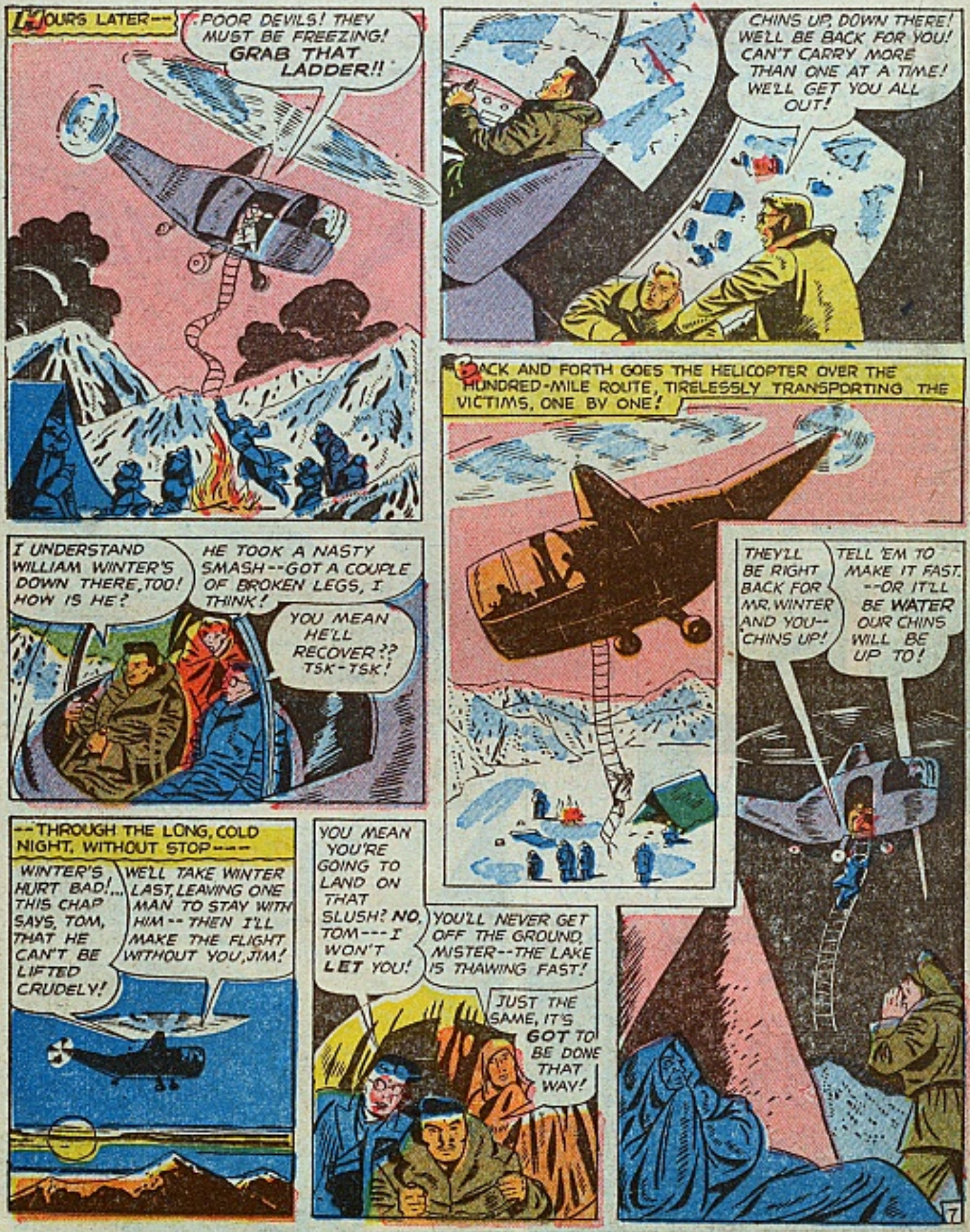
NO--I'M NOT! BUT I'M IN YOUR CLASS, CAPTAIN, I'VE GOT SOME GOOD IDEAS! BUT LET'S DISCUSS THEM OVER A CUP OF COFFEE, SHALL WE?
2

AT THE "COFFEE-POT"---
I'LL SAY I'LL FLY YOUR HELICOPTERS, MISTER! ONLY ONE THING'LL LOOK BETTER THAN THESE PLANS--THE PLANE. ITSELF!
WINTER THINKS HELICOPTERS ARE GOOD ONLY FOR THE JUNK PILE!..A MAN OF WICKED PREJUDICES!
WINTER'S GOOFY ENOUGH TO HATE ME BECAUSE MY ANCESTORS' DESCENDENTS KILLED HIS SON--BUT YOU! --CAN'T HE SEE THE VALUE OF THE HELICOPTER?
HE CAN SEE NOTHING! HE'S STONE-BLIND WITH PREJUDICE! BUT SOME DAY HE'S GOING TO SEE A POWERFUL LOT OF LIGHT!
SHE FLIES LIKE AN ANGEL, JIMMY! THIS IS THE MODEL TO MARKET, WITHOUT A DOUBT! SHE'LL SELL LIKE HOT-CAKES!
NOT IF THE AIR-LINES PRESIDENTS ARE ALL LIKE WINTER, SHE WON'T! INCIDENTALLY--THAT LOVABLE OLD CHARACTER HAS GONE TO JAPAN--DID YOU KNOW THAT?
AIR-PORT
--WEEKS PASSED, AND CAPTAIN TOM PINE BECAME CIVILIAN TOM PINE, AN ARTIST IN THE HANDLING OF THE McGEE HELICOPTER---
SHE WORKS LIKE A CHARM! McGEE SURE KNOWS HOW! ALL HE NEEDS IS THE RIGHT BREAK, AND THE McGEE HELICOPTER WILL MAKE THE FRONT PAGE!
HASN'T ANYBODY TOLD HIM IT'S ILLEGAL TO KILL JAPS NOW? THE WORLD-WAR'S OVER, THOUGH WINTER'S CONTINUING A PRIVATE WAR ON HIS OWN..
HE FLEW EAST TO LINE UP HIS AIR-ROUTES. --SOME OF THEM OVER THE NORTH POLE AND CANADA!
JIMMY--I KNEW BILL WINTER, JR..WE WERE BOTH BASED AT OKINAWA--HE WAS ONE SWELL GUY--DIFFERENT FROM HIS DAD--LIKE SUMMER FROM WINTER--NO PUN INTENDED!
WE FELLOWS CRIED LIKE BABIES WHEN HIS B-29 NEVER RETURNED--EVERYBODY LOVED THAT GUY! TOUGH THAT HE SHOULD "GO" AND THAT SKUNK OF A FATHER SHOULD STAY!
SHOWS YOU HOW FUNNY LIFE IS--YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU--NEVER!
3

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ABOARD A PAN-PACIFIC PLANE BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES FROM THE FAR EAST---
SOME COFFEE, MR. WINTER?
WHAT THE DEVIL IS THE MATTER WITH THAT PILOT? CAN'T HE FLY THE PLANE STRAIGHT? WHAT DOES HE THINK WE ARE--- CRATES?
Y-YI-IIIII--YOU'VE SCALDED ME!
OH, SIR---I-IT'S THE STORM!!!
WAIT TILL I SEE THAT PILOT, THE WITLESS--
BUT IT'S NOT THE PILOT'S FAULT, MR. WINTER--IT'S THIS WEATHER!
WE'RE HIT! THE TAIL'S FLAMING!!
WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH LAND!
CRASH
WHAT'RE YOU DOING? BRINGING HER DOWN? TAKE HER UP! DO YOU WANT TO KILL US? --YOU FOOL!
THAT'S JUST IT! WE WILL ALL BE KILLED IF WE DON'T CRASH-LAND! PLEASE BE CALM, MR. WINTER!
QUICK, JOE! LEVEL 'ER--THERE'S THE ICE!!
START PRAYIN', PAL!
4


W-WE'LL ALL BE K-KILLED!
WE'RE OKAY, SO LONG AS WE DON'T HIT AN OBSTRUCTION!
S-SWISH
THIS IS THE END---
THERE SHE BLOWS!!
SMASH-H-H
THE NEXT DAY---
DAILY MAIL
A PAN-PACIFIC LINER LOST IN NORTH CANADA
PRES. OF COMPANY ABOARD
GOVERNMENT AND COMPANY PLANES SEARCH S.S.A.
FOR DAYS THE SEARCH GOES ON---
TALK ABOUT A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK--WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE HAYSTACK!
THEN--ONE MORNING---
HAVE LOCATED WRECK OF PAN-PACIFIC LINER--SEND NORSEMAN, SKID-EQUIPPED TO THE FOLLOWING AREA---
AN RCAF PLANE!---HE SEES US! HE'S DIPPING HIS WING!
THE FOLLOWING DAY---
WELL, WE GOT HERE, BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHETHER WE CAN TAKE OFF ON THIS THAWING LAKE WITH SUCH A HEAVY LOAD!
I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING--THE SLUSH IS SOMETHING TERRIFIC!

I KNEW IT-- WE CAN'T GET OFF THE GROUND!
THE SKIDS'RE CATCHING!
IN THE UNITED STATES---
THE PAN-PACIFIC CHALK'S UP ANOTHER VICTIM...THE R.C.A.F. RESCUE PLANE ALSO CRASHED! IT IS ESTIMATED THAT TWO MONTHS ARE NEEDED TO EFFECT A RESCUE, SINCE PONTOON-EQUIPPED PLANES CANNOT LAND ON THE ICY LAKE. THE SAME TIME IS NEEDED FOR OVERLAND RESCUE...MEAN-WHILE, STOVES AND TENTS ARE BEING DROPPED TO THE STRANDED AIRMEN---
JIMMY! I'VE GOT IT!
THE THAW ON THE LAKE CAUSES THE RESCUE PLANE TO CRASH---
WOW! THERE SHE GOES!
BAM-MM
THAT CRASH SPELLS OPPORTUNITY FOR US! WE'LL OFFER THE McGEE HELICOPTER FOR THE RESCUE! IT'S A NATURAL FOR US!
OF COURSE! LET'S GET GOING, BOY!
WELL-L-- I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN TRYING, PINE-- GO AHEAD AND TAKE A CRACK AT IT!
SHORTLY AFTER--AT THE COAST GUARD STATION---
IT'S A CINCH, COMMANDER GROVE--WE'LL DISMANTLE THE HELICOPTER, AND FLY IT UP TO THE MONROE BAY WEATHER STATION! I'LL CONDUCT FLIGHT OPERATIONS FROM THERE!
AT THE WEATHER STATION, TWO DAYS LATER---
TOO BAD, I HAVE TO COME ALONG, TOMMY! YOU COULD TAKE TWICE AS MANY PASSENGERS AT EACH FLIGHT!
IF YOU DON'T WORK THE ROPE-LADDER, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE NO-ONE! SLOW RESCUE IS BETTER THAN NO RESCUE AT ALL! LET'S GO!
6


HOURS LATER---
POOR DEVILS! THEY MUST BE FREEZING! GRAB THAT LADDER!!
CHINS UP, DOWN THERE! WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU! CAN'T CARRY MORE THAN ONE AT A TIME! WE'LL GET YOU ALL OUT!
BACK AND FORTH GOES THE HELICOPTER OVER THE HUNDRED-MILE ROUTE, TIRELESSLY TRANSPORTING THE VICTIMS, ONE BY ONE!
I UNDERSTAND WILLIAM WINTER'S DOWN THERE, TOO! HOW IS HE?
HE TOOK A NASTY SMASH--GOT A COUPLE OF BROKEN LEGS, I THINK!
YOU MEAN HE'LL RECOVER?? TSK-TSK!
THEY'LL BE RIGHT BACK FOR MR. WINTER AND YOU-- CHINS UP!
TELL 'EM TO MAKE IT FAST. --OR IT'LL BE WATER OUR CHINS WILL BE UP TO!
--THROUGH THE LONG, COLD NIGHT, WITHOUT STOP---
WINTER'S HURT BAD!... THIS CHAP SAYS, TOM, THAT HE CAN'T BE LIFTED CRUDELY!
WE'LL TAKE WINTER LAST, LEAVING ONE MAN TO STAY WITH HIM -- THEN I'LL MAKE THE FLIGHT WITHOUT YOU, JIM!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LAND ON THAT SLUSH? NO, TOM--- I WON'T LET YOU!
YOU'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND, MISTER--THE LAKE IS THAWING FAST!
JUST THE SAME, IT'S GOT TO BE DONE THAT WAY!
7

SHORTLY AFTER-AT MONROE BAY WEATHER STATION.
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK, PINE--NOT ENOUGH GAS! THEY'RE FLYING US MORE TOMORROW--- BETTER WAIT...
DON,T GO, TOM! IT'S SUICIDE! WINTER'S NOT WORTH IT!
THE LAKE MAY BREAK UP TOMORROW! I MUST GO! SO LONG, JIMMY!
AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, ONCE MORE---
IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU THAT I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK TO THE STATION--WE'LL HAVE TO LAND SOMEWHERE!
WELL, IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN GOING DOWN IN THIS LAKE... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES!
WINTER IS COMING TO-- BUT HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS ABOUT A GOOD MANY THINGS! BUT--PART OF HIM IS HUMAN--AND THAT'S THE PART I'M RESCUING!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL! YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD HIM THE LAST FOUR DAYS! YOU'D THINK NO ONE ELSE IN THE WORLD MATTERED!
WH--WHERE AM I!
AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT--
THERE SHE GOES! NO MORE GAS! WE'LL HAVE TO BRING HER DOWN, AND WAIT A DAY OR TWO FOR THEM TO DROP US FUEL!
WHUT-T WHUT-T
GOOD MORNING, MR. WINTER-- MEET THE MAN WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE-- TOM PINE!
YOU! Y-YOU SAVED MY LIFE! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU?
NOT AFTER WHAT YOU SAID, WINTER! IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SAID!
THE SAME NIGHT--AS THE WATCH-FIRE CRACKLED THE PLANE'S LOCATION TO THE SKY---
PINE--I'VE BEEN THINKING ALL DAY! I'M NOT A STUPID MAN---I'M JUST A NARROW-MINDED, INTOLERANT ONE! I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING! EVEN IF YOU WON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH ME, YOU MUST FORGIVE ME!
WHY--? JUST BECAUSE I SAVED YOUR LIFE?
NO--BECAUSE YOU'VE SAVED MY SOUL!..NOT WILLIAM WINTER, SR. YOU'VE PRESERVED IT'S A NEW MAN WHO WANTS YOUR FORGIVENESS AND MERCY!
I'LL BE IMPRESSED WITH THE NEW WINTER WHEN I SEE HIM HELPING OTHERS INSTEAD OF HIMSELF!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PINE! AND WHEN THE "NEW" WINTER PROVES HIMSELF, I HOPE YOU WILL SHAKE HIS HAND--
AT THAT TIME, MR. WINTER-- IT WILL BE MY PRIVILEGE!

Will to Win
BEFORE 1700, THE ART OF PORCELAIN-MAKING WAS UNKNOWN IN EUROPE. BUT ONE DAY THE ALCHEMIST JOHANN BOETTCHER WAS HUNTING FOR THE EVER ELUSIVE "PHILOSOPHER'S STONE", AND---------
HAVING HEATED A VASE, WITHDREW IT FROM THE FURNACE---
THIS ONE HAS A STRANGE COLOR! I MUST EXAMINE IT MORE CLOSELY! PERHAPS I HAVE COME UPON SOMETHING NEW!
THIS IS PORCELAIN! I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET! THIS WILL MAKE ME RICH AND FAMOUS! I MUST HURRY TO THE ELECTOR WITH THIS NEWS!

THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY'S COURT---
BUT, IT IS PORCELAIN, YOUR HIGHNESS! IT WILL MAKE SAXONY A RICH COUNTRY!
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, JOHANN! BUT HAVE YOU TESTED IT THOROUGHLY?
NO, YOUR HIGHNESS! BUT I KNOW THAT IT IS PORCELAIN!
IF IT IS, WE HAVE MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR! IT WILL BECOME A GREAT INDUSTRY IN SAXONY!
BUT SUDDENLY THE "PORCELAIN" CRACKED!
WHAT THE---?
SO THIS IS YOUR PORCELAIN?
BACK AT HIS SHOP JOHANN BROODS OVER THE "ACCIDENT."
SOMETHING IS MISSING OR THAT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! BUT WHAT COULD THAT BE?
I HAVE IT! IT NEEDS A CLAY TO BIND IT TOGETHER! I MUST FIND A PORCELAIN CLAY!

AND FOR TEN LONG YEARS JOHANN BOETTCHER SEARCHED WITHOUT AVAIL FOR HIS PORCELAIN CLAY.
ANOTHER FALSE LEAD! I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY SUCH CLAY IN ALL EUROPE!
OH, TO BE SO CLOSE TO SO MUCH WEALTH AND TO BE UNABLE TO FIND THE ONE THING WHICH WOULD SECURE IT!
BUT JUST THEN THE VILLAGE HAIRDRESSER, JOHANN SCHNORR WAS RIDING ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TOWN---
THAT'S A FUNNY KIND OF MUD BESSIE'S HOOFS ARE STICKING TO! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT IT IS!
THIS CLAY WILL MAKE A PERFECT POWDER FOR MY WIGS! I AM IN LUCK TODAY!
A FEW DAYS LATER AT JOHANN SCHNORR'S HAIRDRESSING SHOP---
THIS CLAY MAKES A WONDERFUL POWDER FOR MY WIGS! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TRY IT!
HERE'S JOHANN BOETTCHER WITH HIS DRESS WIG! HE WILL BE MY FIRST CUSTOMER FOR THIS NEW POWDER!
3

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME POWDER FOR MY WIG!
I HAVE JUST THE THING HERE, HERR BOETTCHER! A NEW POWDER I DISCOVERED THE OTHER DAY!
WAIT! I---
YOU SEE HOW SMOOTH IT IS? JUST LIKE GLASS! USE ONLY A LITTLE, AND ----
BUT SUDDENLY JOHANN BOETTCHER KICKS UP HIS HEELS!
WIG POWDER, MY EYE! THAT'S MY PORCELAIN CLAY! I HAVE FOUND IT! WE'LL ALL BE RICH!
YOU MUST BE CRAZY!
CRAZY, AM I? SO CRAZY THAT THE ELECTOR WILL PAY THOUSANDS FOR THIS POWDER! PORCELAIN HAS FINALLY COME TO EUROPE! BUT WE'LL CALL IT DRESDEN CHINA AFTER THIS TOWN!
AND DRESDEN CHINA IT BECAME. JOHANN BOETTCHER'S GREAT LUCK BROUGHT WEALTH TO HIMSELF AND FAME AND FORTUNE TO HIS NATIVE CITY!

A job well done

THE rain fell in torrents that unforgettable night. It beat hard against the faces of the living—and washed the caked blood from the upturned faces of the dead. There were many hundreds of them—lying like figures of wax—between the opposing armies.

It was the Third of September, 1864—not many miles from Richmond, Virginia. General Lee's half starved, half naked soldiers were bitterly contesting the advance of the Union forces.

Deep behind the Confederate lines—near a small stream flowing through a shell scarred forest, three men in rebel grey were eating a meal of bacon and hardtack. A fire was impossible. The bacon was devoured raw. One of the trio—obviously the eldest, looked up into the beardless face of the youngest.

"Bill," he said. "I've been racking my brains trying to figure out how we're going to get across the lines. We got our information, but what good is it if we can't deliver it. Looks like we're stuck here."

The man called Bill—a boy actually, he was not yet out of his teens— smiled at his companion.

"We're not stuck, Malcolm," he said. "We're still in rebel uniforms, and we have proper identification. This will get us right up to the lines."

"And then what?"

"Then we'll have to make a run for it—and hope that the rebel pickets are bad shots."

The third man let out a laugh.

"What's so funny, Harvey?" asked Bill.

"When our own men see us coming," replied Harvey. "And they spot these uniforms they'll fill us so full of holes we'll leak."

"Yes," Bill admitted. "I've thought of that, too."

Harvey picked up a stone and tossed it into the swiftly flowing stream.

"Let's think of a way out of it," he said. "I admit that I can't. Everywhere I look I see bullets flying around my head. If anything goes wrong and we're found out, we'll be shot as spies. I felt safer back at Gettysburg than I do now."

"Let's keep our wits," said Bill. "And we'll be back in blue uniforms before we know it. Anyway, the war can't last much longer. We've seen the condition of Lee's army. Can they hold out much longer?"

SUDDENLY a horseman rode into the clearing, and stopped a few feet in front of the three men. He had taken them by surprise, thanks to a violent clap of thunder that had muffled the noise of his mount's hoofs. Recognizing a Confederate officer the 3 badly drenched scouts leaped to their feet and managed a very military salute. The officer returned the salute and eyed them coldly.

"Where are you men from? What are you doing here?"

This was not just a request for information. It was an order. Bill answered for himself and his companions.

"Privates Malcolm, Harvey and James, sir," he said respectfully. "Out of Company C—81st. Virginia rifles. We were sent out to forage."

The officer dismounted and walked to where the three were standing.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the man who went under the name of Bill James. "The country has been stripped clean for miles around. We didn't even see a squirrel."

"Too bad."

The rebel officer scrutinized the men carefully. His eyes were sharp and expressive. And the most dominating expression seemed to be one of suspicion.

"I'm Lieut. Randall of Co. A," he said. "If you men are returning to your outfit I'll ride with you. Where are your horses?"

"We're afoot, sir," replied Harvey. "Only our officers are mounted, and most of the horses have already been eaten."

Lieut. Randall nodded grimly. This fact was wildly known.

"Yes," he said. "And the situation grows worse. My own horse may have to go into the bellies of my men before long. Anything that moves, is in danger of being devoured."

* * * * *

THIS unexpected arrival of a Confederate officer created an unpleasant situation. He might well be followed by a heavily armed patrol, which was usually the case. They could not question him. At least not directly. They must watch him closely and hope that somewhere on the way an opportunity would present itself and permit them to slip away. Not for a moment did the thought of killing him enter their heads. These men were honorable soldiers. They were not murderers. A way would come. But they would not help it along by plunging a knife into an unprotected back, war or no war, enemy or not. Men fought with honor. With

as much decency as war would permit in 1864.

"We must rejoin our units as soon as possible," said the young officer. "If the Yankees attack in the morning, and we expect they will, every man able to fire a gun will be needed in the line."

The Lieut. was leading his horse by the reins. All four were headed in the direction of the Confederate lines. Each of the three Union spies was trying desperately to figure a way out of this most uncomfortable predicament. They *had* to reach the Union lines with the information they had successfully gathered. The rebels were weakest on the left. Concentrate the attack there. The center had been strengthened during the night. A diversionary attack would be needed there to make them use up their scant and very precious ammunition. Then a plunge through the weakened left would fold up their entire line, and the drive to Richmond could begin. This information must be in the hands of the Federal commander by dawn. From there to General Grant, who would know best what use to make of it. It could herald the end of the long and bloody struggle—and make of brothers, brothers once more. Such a blow would soon mend the house divided—and a great man on Capitol Hill could truthfully say:

"A job well done."

Such were the thoughts of Yankee scouts, Malcolm, Harvey and Bill James, as they slowly followed the Confederate officer through the dark and forboding forest. Soon they were passing the badly battered, but still fiercely courageous reserve troops.

Someone called to them:

"Anything to eat back there? Maybe bark to a tree, huh?"

The four silent men moved steadily ahead. Another tired voice called out:

"Only the field rats are eatin' regular. You oughta see 'em up front. As fat as the pigs on the Tennessee farm I used to live on when I was a kid."

* * * * *

MORE men came into view. A few pieces of artillery dodged in and out among the trees, pulled by skinny horses working overtime with a last ounce of strength. An occasional rifle cracked the awful stillness of the night. The advance pickets were exchanging shots.

Lieut. Randall stopped suddenly and motioned the three men to join him.

"My company is a hundred yards ahead," he said. "Yours is down the line to the right. Good luck."

The three surprised men saluted smartly. They watched the young officer vanish in the darkness.

"I didn't expect that," said Harvey. "It was too easy. I thought we were stuck with him."

"We're not out of it yet," replied Malcolm. "We still gotta break across that open field and risk gettin' killed by both sides. Sometimes I think I hadn't oughta butted into this war."

"Let's get started," said Bill James. "Only a couple more hours of darkness."

"And no horses," Harvey growled. "My feet ain't as young as they used to be."

The three scouts moved cautiously toward the silent battlefield. They reached the last outpost. A Confederate patrol was huddled behind some fallen trees.

"What's up?" the sergeant in command asked as the newcomers crawled into view. "Where are you from?"

"Co. C," answered Bill. "Replacements for three of your men. Got any wounded?"

"Only one," replied the sergeant. "And that's me." He pointed to his right arm. It was wound in a bloody rag.

"But we can use you. Plant yourselves, and keep your eyes open. There's something moving out there and it ain't no jackrabbit."

Bill James gritted his teeth. Maybe the darkness would blanket them. His two friends were huddled beside him.

"Now," he whispered hoarsely.

Without warning the three scouts leaped up and dashed into the darkness before them. The rebel sergeant acted quickly.

"Shoot them down," he roared.

A dozen rifles cracked.

"There goes one," someone shouted.

* * * * *

TWO figures dashed madly across the battlefield littered with the dead of yesterday's fighting. Again the rifles roared. Malcolm pitched on to his face.

"Keep going, Bill."

And Bill kept going. He reached the Union Lines in safety and imparted his precious information to his commanding officer.

"Splendid work, James," he was commended.

"Sir, may I drop the James now?"

The officer laughed.

"I don't blame you," he said. "Bill Cody is an excellent name."

"Thank you, sir."

The future "Buffalo Bill" saluted and left to catch up on some sleep. A job well done, Bill Cody.

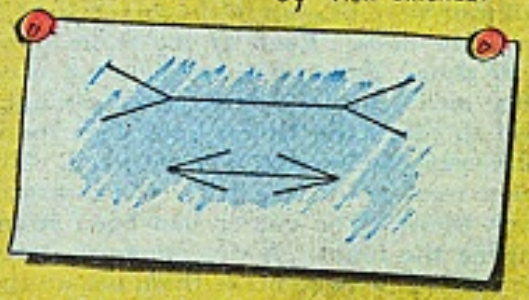
THE END

PAGE-OF-FUN

by Ken Brickley

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

WE OFTEN HEAR THE REMARK *"I WILL NOT BELIEVE IT UNTIL I SEE IT."* HOWEVER, THESE DRAWINGS ARE TO SHOW THAT YOU SHOULD NOT BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE.

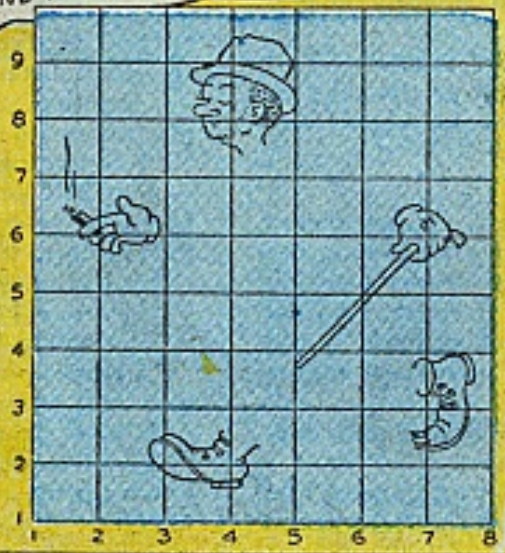


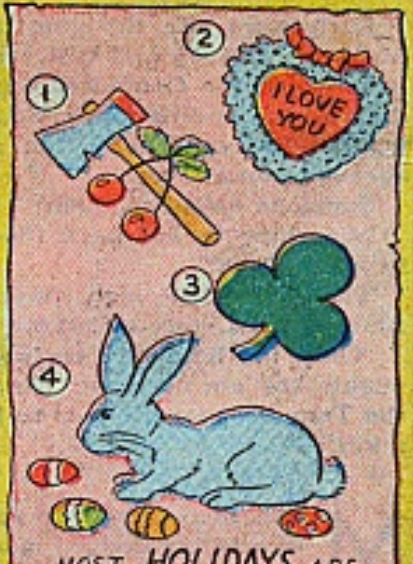
WHICH HORIZONTAL LINE IS THE LONGEST ?

HERE IT APPEARS THAT ONE OF THESE MEN IS SHORTER THAN THE OTHER; BUT IF YOU MEASURE BOTH MEN YOU'LL FIND THEY ARE THE SAME SIZE.

HERE THE LOWER CURVED SECTION APPEARS LARGER THEN THE UPPER ONE. BUT IF YOU MEASURE THEM YOU'LL FIND THEY ARE BOTH THE SAME.

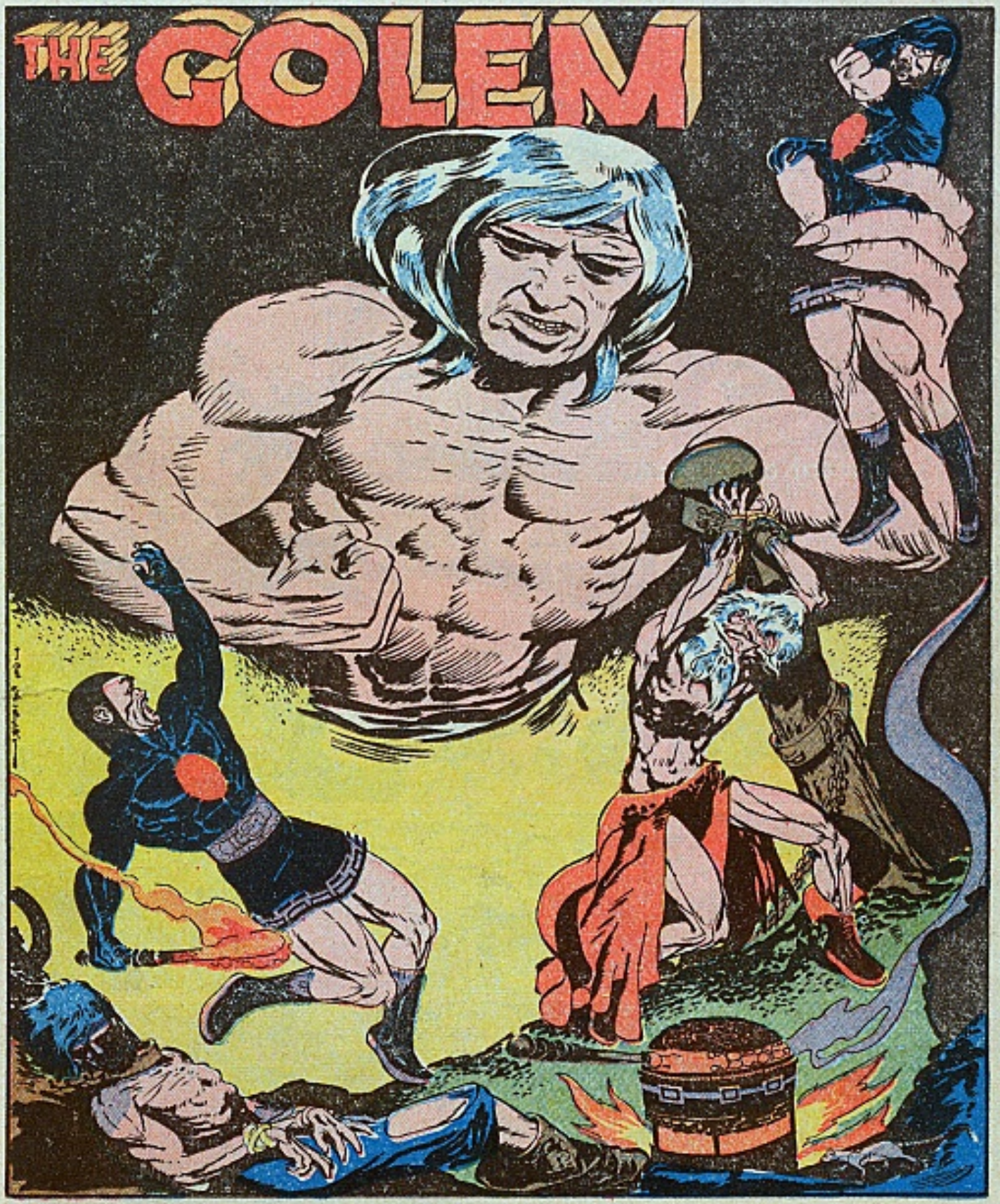
HEY, FELLOWS! GET YOURSELF A PENCIL AND TRY TO DRAW THE MAN IN THE SMALL SQUARE INTO THE LARGE SQUARE. BY WATCHING WHERE THE OUTLINE OF THE MAN CROSSES THE HORIZONTAL AND VERTICAL LINES, YOU WILL FIND IT EASY TO DRAW.





MOST **HOLIDAYS** ARE ASSOCIATED WITH CERTAIN PICTURES. HERE ARE FOUR SUCH EXAMPLES. WHAT ARE THESE HOLIDAYS ?

ANSWERS:
① WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
② VALENTINE'S DAY
③ ST. PATRICK'S DAY
④ EASTER


THE GOLEM

ONE EVENING, IN 1944, IN THE GHETTO OF PRAGUE, CZECHOSLAVAKIA...
RUN... RUN! THE NAZIS! THE S.S. ARE COMING!
R-RUN..
R--
ON THE DOUBLE! THIS IS NO PICNIC.... ENTER EVERY HOUSE, AND KILL EVERY JEW YOU FIND!
RAT-TAT...
MY BABY-- NO! OHHHHH...
ACH, IT WILL DO NO GOOD TO RUN!
JA, STAND STILL, JUST! HA! HA! HA
M-MOMMA!
? COUGH E
COME DOWN, JUDEN!
NOW YOU FOLLOW YOUR HUSBAND, JA?
N-NO--
NO..
2

FOR ALMOST TWO HOURS THE MASSACRE CONTINUED IN THESE RAIDS. THE NAZIS WERE BENT ON *WHOLESALE EXTERMINATION*... SUPPLEMENTING THEIR MURDER FACTORY TECHNIQUES WITH MASS SHOOTING PARTIES...

JACOB, THE SHOE MAKER, HIS DAUGHTER AND GRANDSON, WERE A LITTLE LUCKIER THAN THE REST OF HIS PEOPLE. THEY GAINED THE SAFETY OF THE SYNAGOGUE ROOF....

HURRY, SONIA! THERE ARE STORM TROOPERS IN THE SYNAGOGUE BELOW!

WHAT IF THEY SET FIRE TO THE SYNAGOGUE, GRANDFATHER?

THEN IT WILL NOT BE PLEASANT FOR US, GRANDCHILD! MEANWHILE WE SHALL HIDE BEHIND THAT CHIMNEY, YONDER!

FATHER! I HEAR SOMEONE ON THE STEPS!

MAKE NO NOISE.... PERHAPS HE WON'T SEARCH THE ROOF!

BUT THE NAZI DOES!

NO JEWS UP HERE, SIR!

BETTER MAKE SURE... LOOK *CAREFULLY*!

SHHH--

AT THAT MOMENT....

BOOM

IT IS AN AIR RAID! - SOUND THE SIREN!

AIR RAID! ACH!!
THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY! --WHILE THE DEVIL IS DISTRACTED!
AIEEE
THANK GOD FOR THE AIR RAID! HE WOULD HAVE SEEN US...!
SOMEONE PUSHED HIM OFF! A JEW PUSHED HIM OFF! GET THAT JEW!!
J-JA, MAJOR GRUBER!
AT THE SAME TIME, ALMOST OVERHEAD, AN AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESS SUFFERS A FLAK HIT!
CRACK
HIT THE SILK! SHE'LL SPIN ANY MINUTE!
3 SECONDS LATER....
ONLY FOUR OF US GOT OUT! JUMP, JUMP, TOMMY! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? SHE'S S-SPINNING!
THE FIERY COFFIN DEATH-SPINS ITS WAY TOWARD THE STREETS OF PRAGUE!
4

LOOK, GRANDFATHER, AN AMERICAN PLANE FALLS TOWARD US!
THE LORD GOD BE MERCIFUL...
TO THE ROOF, DOGS... TO... A FORTRESS... LIEBER GOTT... A FORTRESS!!!
IT COMES THIS WAY!
THE HUNTERS ARE HUNTED!
AH, HE'S HURT! QUICKLY, BEFORE HIS PARACHUTE PULLS HIM OFF THE ROOF....
IT WAS GOD'S WILL! EH?--WHAT IS IT, DAUGHTER?
A PARACHUTE, FATHER! AN AMERICAN FLIER! HE COMES TO THIS ROOF!
5

A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE ATTIC OF THE SYNAGOGUE
W-WHERE AM I? W-WHO ARE YOU?
YOUR FRIENDS, AMERICAN--FRIENDS WHO ARE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY!
IT IS I WHO SHOULD THANK YOU, FOR NOT LETTING ME FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS! THEY'D HANG ME TO THE NEAREST LAMPPOST!
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'D DO TO US? WE ARE JEWS! THEY WERE EXTERMINATING US THE VERY SECOND YOUR BOMBER CRASHED INTO THEIR PATROL CAR! THANKS ARE NOT ENOUGH TO OFFER YOU!
YOU FELLOWS HAVE BEEN LIVING IN HELL, HERE--HAVEN'T YOU? --IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER, OLD MAN! WE'RE HERE TO RUN EVERY NAZI INTO THE GROUND!
YOU WILL, MY BOY! TO THE JEWS OF EUROPE, YOU AND YOUR ALLIES ARE LIKE ANOTHER GOLEM!!!
A WHAT? I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT A GOLEM IS, EVEN IF I AM A SORT OF ONE, MYSELF...
WELL, THEN I SHALL TELL YOU! WE ARE QUITE SAFE HERE FOR THE WHILE.. SAFER THAN ELSEWHERE IN PRAGUE!
FOR THE STORY OF THE GOLEM WE MUST GO BACK TO THE YEAR 1513, WHEN A SON WAS BORN TO RABBI BEZALEL BEN HAYIM. IT WAS THE FIRST NIGHT OF PASSOVER, THE FEAST WHICH COMMEMORATES THE JEWS' EMANCIPATION FROM THE EGYPTIANS!--
TO THE SUFFERING JEWISH PEOPLE, PASSOVER HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FESTIVAL OF CONSOLATION AND INSPIRATION TO CONTINUE WITH THE BURDENS OF LIVING. IT HAS BEEN THE OASIS IN THE DESERT OF EXISTENCE—AN OASIS REFRESHING AND STRENGTHENING THEIR HOPES FOR EVENTUAL FREEDOM AND HAPPINESS---"
OH, GOD, POUR OUT THY WRATH UPON THOSE WHO DENY THEE! PERSECUTE AND DESTROY THOSE WHO DEVOUR THEIR FELLOWMEN AND LAY WASTE THEIR HOMES!

IN THE MIDDLE AGES, ONE WAY OF PROVIDING A PRETEXT FOR BLOODY RIOTS AGAINST THE JEWS, WAS TO SMUGGLE THE **CORPSE OF A CHRISTIAN CHILD** INTO THE SYNAGOGUE OR CELLAR OF SOME LEADER IN THE COMMUNITY...

TOSS IT INTO BEZALEL'S CELLAR, THEN WE SHALL DISCOVER IT IN AN HOUR, AND GIVE THE JEWS A PASSOVER THEY'LL **NEVER** FORGET!

BUT JUST BEFORE THE WRETCHES COULD PERFORM THEIR DASTARDLY TRICK...

RABBI! A SON IS BORN TO YOU! BEHOLD HIM!

A SON TO **ME** ON THIS NIGHT OF THANKFULNESS! SUMMON ALL OUR COMMUNITY... THEY MUST CELEBRATE WITH ME THE BIRTH OF A NEW, GREAT RABBI — MY **SON!**

THE EXCITEMENT IN THE JEWISH SECTION BROUGHT THE NIGHT WATCHMEN TO THE AREA TO KEEP ORDER.... ONE OF THEM SPOTTED A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE...

WHAT HAVE YOU IN THAT BUNDLE! **SPEAK UP** OR I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL!

N-NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL!

THE CORPSE OF A CHILD! YOU WERE PREPARED TO TOSS IT INTO RABBI BELAZEL'S HOUSE! **ANSWER!**

IT WAS HEINRICH MÜNSTER'S IDEA, NOT MINE! **HAVE MERCY!** HEINRICH WISHED TO KILL THE JEWS TONIGHT, SO WE THOUGHT WE'D SMUGGLE THIS DEAD CHILD INTO THE HOUSE, AND THEN SAY THE RABBI DID IT.'

HAULING THE CRIMINAL AWAY, THE CHIEF OF WATCHMEN REPORTS TO THE RABBI....

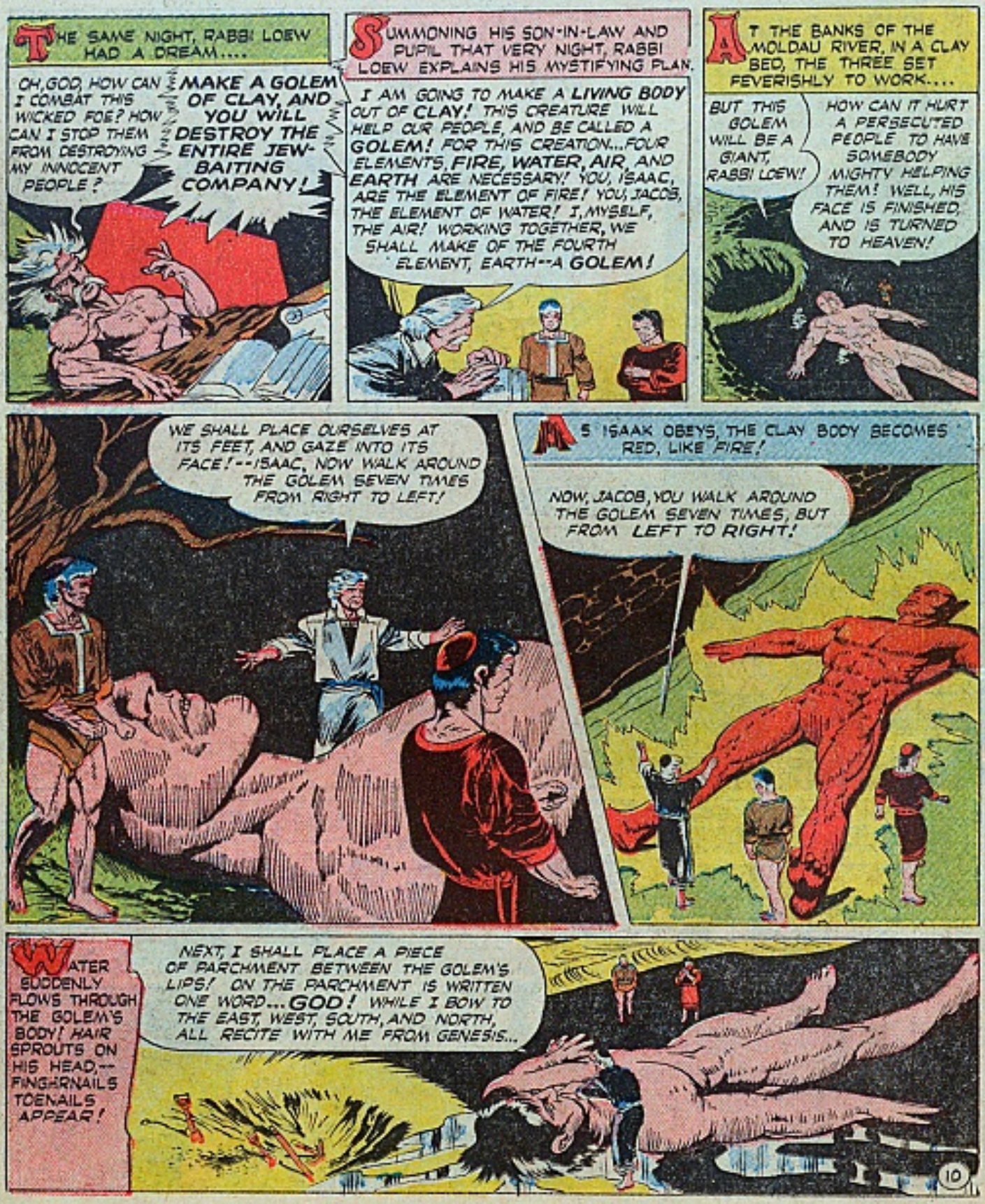
YOUR SON HAS BROUGHT YOU LUCK, RABBI! FOR IF HE WEREN'T BORN TONIGHT, WE WOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT THAT SNAKE WITH THE DEAD CHILD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KARL! MY SON SHALL BRING LUCK TO **ALL** HIS PEOPLE AS LONG AS HE LIVES! HE SHALL BE A FAMED RABBI, AND HIS NAME WILL BE— **RABBI LOEW!!**

THIS CHILD, JUDAH, WILL BE OUR PEOPLE'S COMFORTER. HE HAS COME INTO THE WORLD IN ORDER TO FREE US FROM THE TERRIBLE LIES AND PERSECUTIONS WE JEWS SUFFER!

WHEN HE GREW UP, JUDAH WAS SENT TO PRAGUE TO STUDY AND SATISFY HIS YEARNING FOR WISDOM. THE FAME OF GENIUS DID NOT TAKE LONG TO SPREAD....
WHILE RABBI LOEW STUDIED, HIS WIFE-TO-BE, RACHEL, SOLD BREAD TO HELP HER POOR FATHER....
RACHEL— COME INSIDE— THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS WILL MOLEST YOU!
NO, THEY WON'T! BESIDES, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM STEAL MY BREAD THE WAY THEY DID THE LAST TIME!
MY MY, WHAT DELICIOUS SAMPLES!
YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE STEALING BREAD FROM POOR PEOPLE! IS THAT THE EXAMPLE AN OFFICER OF HIS MAJESTY SHOWS HIS SOLDIERS!
MY DEAR, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! WE'VE BEHAVED DISGUSTINGLY. BUT I'M HUNGRY, AND HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY FOR YOUR BREAD. SO TAKE THIS SADDLE INSTEAD!
OH SIR-- THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
BUT AS THE YEARS WENT BY, THE DECENCY OF EVERY MAN IN PRAGUE COULD NOT BE APPEALED TO...FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS THADDEUS, A HUMAN BEING WITH THE SOUL OF A DEVIL...
THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH PEACE IN PRAGUE. THE JEWS HAVE BEEN HAVING IT TOO GOOD! NOT A RIOT IN THREE WEEKS! THIS ABSURDITY OF PEACE MUST STOP! CREATE A REASON, DO YOU HEAR? AND LET THE GUTTERS RUN WITH THE BLOOD OF JEWS!
AT ONCE, MASTER!
THAT NIGHT, WHILE AN UNSUSPECTING JEWISH FARMER'S BACK IS TURNED
HEY, THERE, JEW... STOP! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
WHAT IS IT?
8

AS THADDEUS' GANGSTERS ROUND UP A LYNCHING CROWD....
IF YOU'RE SO INNOCENT, JEW, WHAT'S IN THIS BUNDLE, EH?
BUT I NEVER SAW THAT BUNDLE BEFORE!... THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING BUT STRAW IN IT, ANYWAY....
NOTHING BUT STRAW, YOU SAY? THE CORPSE OF A CHRISTIAN, YOU MEAN! WHAT SHALL WE DO TO THIS VILE JEW-- EH, BOYS?
GOD PROTECT ME! WHAT DO MY EYES SEE?
IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS---
NO--DON'T KILL ME! I DID NOTHING! I AM INNOCENT!
IF HE'S INNOCENT, LET'S SEE IF HE SURVIVES A BURNING! THAT WILL BE A FINE TRIAL FOR INNOCENCE!
HA HA HA HA HA
YOU SEE HOW GUILTY HE IS!? HE BURNS! HAW! HAW!
EEEAAA
AND NOW, LET'S TEACH THE REST OF THE JEWS A LESSON.... THEY CAN'T MURDER CHRISTIANS....
MURDER JEWS
NO! WE'LL MURDER JEWS!
LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOME OF RABBI LOEW--
FIVE HUNDRED OF OUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD, RABBI! WE STILL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY THEY HAVE DONE THIS TO US!
IT IS THE WORK OF THADDEUS! HE, AND NO OTHER! THE MAN IS A DEMON--A BREATH OF EVIL!
9


THE SAME NIGHT, RABBI LOEW HAD A DREAM....
OH, GOD, HOW CAN I COMBAT THIS WICKED FOE? HOW CAN I STOP THEM FROM DESTROYING MY INNOCENT PEOPLE?
MAKE A GOLEM OF CLAY, AND YOU WILL DESTROY THE ENTIRE JEW-BAITING COMPANY!
SUMMONING HIS SON-IN-LAW AND PUPIL THAT VERY NIGHT, RABBI LOEW EXPLAINS HIS MYSTIFYING PLAN.
I AM GOING TO MAKE A LIVING BODY OUT OF CLAY! THIS CREATURE WILL HELP OUR PEOPLE, AND BE CALLED A GOLEM! FOR THIS CREATION...FOUR ELEMENTS, FIRE, WATER, AIR, AND EARTH ARE NECESSARY! YOU, ISAAC, ARE THE ELEMENT OF FIRE! YOU, JACOB, THE ELEMENT OF WATER! I, MYSELF, THE AIR! WORKING TOGETHER, WE SHALL MAKE OF THE FOURTH ELEMENT, EARTH--A GOLEM!
AT THE BANKS OF THE MOLDAU RIVER, IN A CLAY BED, THE THREE SET FEVERISHLY TO WORK....
BUT THIS GOLEM WILL BE A GIANT, RABBI LOEW!
HOW CAN IT HURT A PERSECUTED PEOPLE TO HAVE SOMEBODY MIGHTY HELPING THEM! WELL, HIS FACE IS FINISHED, AND IS TURNED TO HEAVEN!
WE SHALL PLACE OURSELVES AT ITS FEET, AND GAZE INTO ITS FACE!--ISAAC, NOW WALK AROUND THE GOLEM SEVEN TIMES FROM RIGHT TO LEFT!
AS ISAAK OBEYS, THE CLAY BODY BECOMES RED, LIKE FIRE!
NOW, JACOB, YOU WALK AROUND THE GOLEM SEVEN TIMES, BUT FROM LEFT TO RIGHT!
WATER SUDDENLY FLOWS THROUGH THE GOLEM'S BODY! HAIR SPROUTS ON HIS HEAD,-- FINGERNAILS TOENAILS APPEAR!
NEXT, I SHALL PLACE A PIECE OF PARCHMENT BETWEEN THE GOLEM'S LIPS! ON THE PARCHMENT IS WRITTEN ONE WORD...GOD! WHILE I BOW TO THE EAST, WEST, SOUTH, AND NORTH, ALL RECITE WITH ME FROM GENESIS...
10

"--AND HE BREATHED INTO HIS NOSTRILS THE BREATH OF LIFE; AND MAN BECAME A LIVING SOUL!"

GOLEM, RISE! WE HAVE MADE YOU OUT OF EARTH. IT IS YOUR TASK TO PROTECT THE JEWS FROM PERSECUTION! YOU MUST OBEY MY COMMANDS WHEN AND WHERE I SEND YOU--IN FIRE AND WATER, OR IF I COMMAND YOU TO JUMP FROM THE HOUSETOP OR IF I SEND YOU TO THE BED OF THE SEA!

YOU CANNOT SPEAK, OF COURSE, BUT YOU CAN THINK! YOU WILL BE USED ON DANGEROUS MISSIONS TO DESTROY ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE JEWS, AND TO BREAK UP ANY MURDEROUS PLOTS! HERE IS YOUR CLOTHING! DON IT, AND FOLLOW ME TO THE CITY--

SO THE GOLEM WENT AMONG THE JEW-BAITERS, LISTENING TO THEIR CONVERSATIONS, AND REPORTING ANY THREATENED PERK TO RABBI LOEW SO THAT THE TRICK COULD BE PREVENTED IN TIME....
MUHLER..YOU WILL SLIP THIS BAG OF GOLD INTO RABBI JACOB'S HOUSE... THEN WE....

THE GOLEM WAS THE TERROR OF THOSE WHO PLANTED DEAD CHRISTIANS IN THE CELLARS OF JEWS, IN ORDER TO INCITE THE FOOLISH POPULACE....
A CORPSE! IT IS THE FIFTH TIME THIS WEEK THE GOLEM HAS DISCOVERED THESE PLOTS!
YEOWW! P-PUT ME DOWN!

JOSEPH, YOUR WORK IN PREVENTING RIOTS, AND CAPTURING THE GUILTY ONES WHO SEEK OUR DESTRUCTION, HAS MADE A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION ON THE EMPEROR! HE HAS GRANTED ME AN AUDIENCE TO REVIEW THE ENTIRE MATTER OF ANTI-SEMITISM!

I HAVE CONSIDERED ALL THE FACTS, RABBI LOEW, AND I MUST TELL YOU I AM ASHAMED OF MY PEOPLE'S ACTIONS! HOW HATEFUL ARE THOSE LIES AGAINST YOUR PEOPLE!
NATURALLY, I CANNOT SHARE YOUR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, BUT I AM A MAN OF JUSTICE, AND I AGREE THAT THESE ABSURD AND TRAGIC PERSECUTIONS MUST END! I CANNOT BE A CHRISTIAN KING, OTHERWISE--ONLY A BLOODTHIRSTY PAGAN! HERE IS MY DECREE GIVING YOUR PEOPLE FULL PROTECTION FROM PERSECUTION, FROM NOW ON!
I THANK YOUR WORSHIP FOR REMOVING THESE WRONGS, AND I THANK GOD FOR GIVING US SO NOBLE AND JUST AN EMPEROR!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? THINK WHAT LUCK THE GOLEM HAS BROUGHT US!
NOW THAT PEACE HAS COME TO PRAGUE, WE HAVE NO MORE NEED OF OUR PROTECTOR! BRING ISAAC TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT, FOR WE SHALL DESTROY THE GOLEM!
JOSEPH... TONIGHT, YOU WILL NOT SLEEP HERE IN MY HOUSE! TONIGHT, YOU WILL MAKE YOUR BED IN THE GARRET OF THE ALTNEU SYNAGOGUE!
MIDNIGHT, IN THE ATTIC OF THE ALTNEU SYNAGOGUE...
SINCE WE NO LONGER NEED LIVE IN FEAR WE CAN ABOLISH THE GOLEM! TO ANNIHILATE HIM, WE WILL REPEAT WHAT WE DID TO CREATE HIM, EXCEPT --EVERYTHING WILL BE DONE IN REVERSE! LET US BEGIN!
THE GOLEM DIES AND HIS CORPSE IS CONCEALED...
FROM NOW ON, IT IS FORBIDDEN THAT ANYBODY USE THE GARRET. THIS ATTIC MUST BE SEALED.. NOTHING MORE MUST BE STORED UP HERE! AS FOR PEOPLE'S CURIOSITY AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE GOLEM, WE WILL SAY HE DISAPPEARED. IS THAT CLEAR!
12

A SHORT TIME AFTER, EMPEROR RUDOLPH DIED SUDDENLY, AND HIS SON SUCCEEDED HIM. THE SON WAS EVERYTHING HIS FATHER WAS NOT,-- AND PRAGUE ONCE MORE BECAME A TOWN OF NIGHTMARES....

CARNAGE ONCE BECAME A COMMON SIGHT IN THE GHETTO!

HO! LOOK AT THE RUN WITH A SWORD STUCK IN HIS BACK!

HA HA HA HA

RUDOLPH HAD ONE OBSESSION...HE HAD HEARD THE RUMOR THAT RABBI LOEW HAD CREATED A BEING--A GOLEM, --AND WHEN HE FAILED IN TORTURING THE SECRET OUT OF LOEW, HE MADE HIS "SCIENTISTS" SEARCH FOR THE SECRET!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! YOU DARE MOCK ME! YOU CALL THIS SLOP A MAGIC ELIXIR? A PLAGUE ON ALL YOU NUMBSKULLS!

I'M FINISHED PLAYING WITH THOSE IDIOTS! I'M GETTING THE SECRET OF THE GOLEM OUT OF LOEW IF I HAVE TO CARVE EVERY SQUARE INCH OF FLESH OFF HIS CARCASS!

SPEAK, SON OF A SOW! SPEAK!

ENOUGH! I THINK I CAN PERSUADE HIM!

N-NEVER NEVER!!! NEVER!

YOU FEEL THE BITE OF THIS, LOEW? EH? IT DOES NOT TICKLE, EXACTLY! WELL, THINK OF YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN, LOEW! THINK OF ONE THOUSAND JEWS WHO WILL DIE THIS NIGHT BY THE TEETH OF A HUNDRED LIONS...IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME WHERE THE GOLEM IS!
THE TEETH OF LIONS IN YOUR WIFE'S NECK, LOEW...OR HER FREEDOM! GIVE ME THE SECRET OF BRINGING LIFE TO THE GOLEM, AND SHE WILL NOT BE PUNISHED! ANSWER! YOU DOG OF A JEW! ANSWER! I AM YOUR EMPEROR! ANSWER ME!!
NEVER! N-NEVER!
VERY WELL! MY GUESTS ARE AWAITING MY PRESENCE AT THE BANQUET! THEY EXPECTED THE ENTERTAINMENT OF SEEING YOUR JEWS DEVOURED AFTER DINNER--WE SHALL RUSH THE HOUR AHEAD! THEY SHALL BE EATEN NOW! LISTEN FOR THE SCREAMS, LOEW! THEY WILL BE HEARD IN MUNICH, EVEN!---
OH GOD, HELP MY PEOPLE IN THIS HOUR OF HORROR! GIVE THE GOLEM LIFE, AND LET HIM RESCUE US!
IN THE DUST-GATHERING GARRET OF THE ALTNEU SYNAGOGUE A STRANGE PHENOMENON OCCURS...
CR-RACK
AND IN ANSWER TO RABBI LOEW'S IMPASSIONED PLEA, THE GOLEM WALKS AGAIN....
14

MEANWHILE, AT EMPEROR RUDOLPH'S PALACE...
HMMM...I WONDER IF THEY ARE HUNGRY ENOUGH? THROW THEM OUR SAMPLE!
N-NO--NO!
YES, SIRE!
GRRR ROAR EEEEEEEE
A VERY PRETTY DIALOGUE....THESE SCREAMS AND THESE ROARS! WHAT AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR OUR GUESTS!
AS THE GOLEM MOVES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PALACE....
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE GOLEM!
T-THE GOLEM!
EXCELLENT! MY DINNER GUESTS CAN OBSERVE FROM HERE!
WHY ARE WE BROUGHT HERE?
WHAT IS THAT ROARING SOUND?
LIONS, MOTHER, LIONS! THEY WILL EAT US!
HUSH, MY DARLING! DON'T BE AFRAID. YOUR FATHER WAS NEVER AFRAID OF ANYTHING!
MY DEAR FRIENDS... A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT TO WHET YOUR APPETITES! FOLLOW ME TO THE SPECTACLE OF ONE HUNDRED LIONS DEVOURING 1000 TASTY JEWS --! THIS WAY TO THE ENTERTAINMENT!
HURRAH!!
HURRAH FOR RUDOLPH!
15

CURSE MY LUCK! TO MISS THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU!
SAVE MY PEOPLE, O LORD! THEIR SUFFERINGS CRY OUT TO YOU!
THE GOLEM ENTERS THE PALACE!
NOTHING STOPS HIM!
AIEEEEEEE
CRA-ASH
KRRRR
ROWR
SENSING HIS DIFFERENCE FROM MORTAL MAN, THE LIONS BACK AWAY FROM THE GOLEM, AND WAIT TO SEE WHAT HE INTENDS FOR THEM---
W-WHAT IS IT? AH-THE GOLEM!!
LOOK! THE WALL IS FALLING!

S-STAY AWAY! DON'T COME CLOSER!
N-NO! N--
MMMMMM!
YAAA
CRUNCH
CRACK
THE DEVOURER IS DEVOURED
DISPOSING OF RUDOLPH, THE GOLEM THEN CLOSES THE DOOR UPON THE LIONS, SO THAT THEY MAY FEAST UNDISTURBED IN THE BANQUET HALL!
17

THE GOLEM! GOD HAS ANSWERED MY PRAYER!
N-NO...
AIEEEE
SPLAT
THE GOLEM RELEASED THE JEWS WHO WERE DOOMED TO DIE, AND THEN RABBI LOEW AND HIS PEOPLE WERE LED SAFELY THROUGH THE STREETS OF PRAGUE TO THEIR HOMES!
HEAVEN HAS GRANTED YOUR REQUEST, DEAR...
ONLY BY ONE WHO LISTENS TO REQUESTS LIKE OURS, RACHEL. IT IS HE WHO SENT US THE GOLEM! IT IS HE WHO HAS SEEN FIT TO DELIVER US! GOD IS MERCIFUL...!
AFTER THAT TERRIBLE LESSON, THE JEW-BAITERS OF PRAGUE NEVER TRIED THEIR OLD TRICKS WHILE RABBI LOEW REMAINED ALIVE AND COULD CALL FORTH THE GOLEM! BUT RABBI LOEW DIED, AND HIS SECRET DIED WITH HIM!---FOR, AFTER ALL, DOES NOT JEWISH BLOOD RUN IN PRAGUE... IN ALL OF EUROPE TODAY?
POP, YOU HAVE THE WORD OF BILLY MAGUIRE, OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS, U.S.A., THAT THESE DAYS ARE REALLY DONE FOR!---I THINK I SEE YOUR POINT... THE ARMIES OF DEMOCRACY ARE NOT SO FAR OFF FROM BEING THE GOLEM OF 1941!
WELL, MY STORY'S ENDED. BUT YOUR STORY'S STILL GOING ON, MR. MAGUIRE! WE PEOPLE OF PRAGUE HAVE MARVELOUS WAYS OF GETTING YOU AMERICAN FLIERS BACK TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE! COME-LET ME START YOU ON THE FIRST LAP OF YOUR JOURNEY HOME!
SAY-! WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THIS THE ALTNEU SYNAGOGUE? WHY, OF COURSE IT IS!
OKAY, MR. GOLEM, WHEREVER YOU ARE, IF YOUR STILL AROUND... LIEUTENANT MAGUIRE, SPEAKING FOR THE ARMY AIR CORPS, SALUTES YOU! WE'LL MAKE YOUR WORK STICK!
GOD'S WORK, LIEUTENANT... AND YOURS AND MINE!!

DO RE ME FA SOLA TE
TOST NO BILLS
MILLY MISCHIEF
C.W. Winter
OOOH
LA-LA... LA-DE-LA AHEM!
NOW MADAM, ONCE MORE WE WILL TRY TO HIT ZE HIGH NOTE!
DO RE MEOW-W!
THAT'S AWFUL!
I'VE JUST GOT TO HELP THAT POOR WOMAN!
HERE! THIS'LL HELP YOU, LADY!
DO RE ME FA...
EEEEEEEE
BRAVO! ZAT IS ZE NOTE, MADAM!

WIN TOGETHER
CO-OPERATION FOREVER-
THE "PUMAS" WERE NOT ALWAYS A VICTORIOUS TEAM, SHOUTING AND SINGING THEIR HAPPINESS. IT WASN'T THE LACK OF SKILL OR COURAGE THAT KEPT THEM FROM BASEBALL TRIUMPH. --IT WAS THE LACK OF ORGANIZATION! HERE'S THE STORY OF HOW THE "PUMAS" MANAGED TO "WIN TOGETHER!"
IN THE DUGOUT OF THE LOSING TEAM, THE "SERPENTS"
WHAT'VE WE GOT TO SAY ABOUT LOSING THE TOWN CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE $100 PRIZE TO THE "PUMAS"?...WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT!
YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU HOW THEY UPSET THE "SERPENTS"? HOW THE "PUMAS" CAME UP FROM NOWHERE?
CO-OPERATION FOREVER-
YOU BET WE DO! WHY, FOUR MONTHS AGO, WE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THE "PUMAS"!!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE MY STORY BEGINS--FOUR MONTHS AGO. AT THAT TIME THE "PUMAS" WHERE A "PICK-UP" OUTFIT---
PRESS

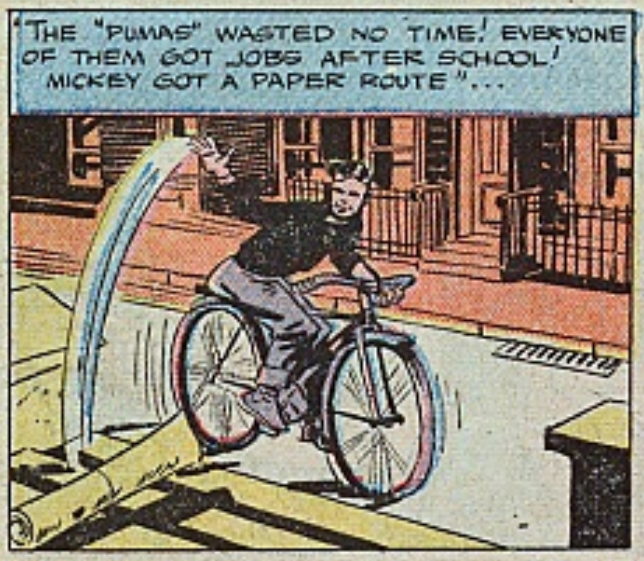
"THEY USED TO WORK OUT, WHEN THEY COULD, AT GAS-HOUSE GUTTER--"
WATCH OUT, GEORGIE!.. IT'S HIT TOO HARD!
I'VE GOT IT!
CRACK
YEOWWW!
OH!
YOU'RE LUCKY IT ISN'T BROKEN, GEORGIE!
YOU SEE? THAT'S WHAT COMES OF PLAYING BASEBALL WITH BARE HANDS. WITHOUT EQUIPMENT! NOW IF YOU LET ME..
NO!...WE WON'T! FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, MERTON, WE DON'T WANT YOUR DAD TO BUY US EQUIPMENT!
IF MICKEY WASN'T SO STUBBORN, MERTON'S FATHER WOULD'VE BOUGHT US STUFF LONG AGO, AND WE COULD PLAY IN THE TOWN CONTEST...
YIPE!...THE BAT'S SPLIT!
--AND THAT WAS OUR LAST BAT, TOO!
CRACK!
WELL, CAPTAIN, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE'RE THROUGH PRACTICING. WE MAY AS WELL GO OVER TO THE RULES COMMITTEE AND ENTER OURSELVES IN THE TOWN CONTEST..
ARE YOU NUTS, MICKEY? THEY'D NEVER LET A TEAM LIKE US PLAY....
THAT'S SOMETHING I WANT TO HEAR FROM THEM, NOT YOU!
OKAY, MICKEY... SEE IF I'M NOT RIGHT!

AT THE CONTEST OFFICE.....
I'M SORRY. BUT I CAN'T ENTER THE "PUMAS" IN THE CONTEST. YOU HAVE NO UNIFORMS, NO EQUIPMENT. YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR THE OTHER TEAMS!
THANK YOU, MR. GRAMS. LET'S GO, GANG!
THEN, AT THE GANG CLUBHOUSE...
FELLERS, I'VE CALLED THIS EMERGENCY MEETING BECAUSE WE'RE FACING A CRISIS! WE JUST GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
YEAH! BUT WHAT? ONLY A COUPLE OF US CAN AFFORD TO BUY THE THINGS THE TEAM NEEDS!
WE'RE TOO POOR, THAT'S THE TROUBLE!
MY FATHER'D BE GLAD TO BUY US WHATEVER WE NEED, FELLERS!
GOSH, MORTON, WHEN'RE YOU GONNA GET WISE? THE "PUMAS" DON'T WANT CHARITY! WE WANT TO DO EVERYTHING ON OUR OWN!
I GOT A SUGGESTION, GANG. IF YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO IT...
MY DAD GAVE IT TO ME .. THE SUGGESTION, I MEAN. HE WORKS FOR A CO-OP. HE DELIVERS MILK FOR THEM... AND MY MOM BUYS FROM THE CO-OP GROCERY IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!
GOSH, GEORGIE, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH OUR BASEBALL TEAM?
EVERYTHING! MAYBE THE "PUMAS" PLAY LIKE A TEAM, BUT OUTSIDE OF BASEBALL, WE DON'T HAVE ANY TEAMWORK AT ALL... IF WE GOT TOGETHER LIKE THE CO-OPERATIVES DO, WE'D BE ABLE TO POOL OUR MONEY, AND GET LOWER PRICES FOR WHAT WE BUY!
INSTEAD OF EACH ONE OF US TRYING TO GET THINGS ON OUR LONESOME, WE ALL CHIP INTO THE COMMON FUND, AND BUY THE CO-OP WAY.. TOGETHER! EACH GUY GETS A JOB AFTER SCHOOL AND AT THE END OF THE WEEK, EACH ONE CHIPS IN TEN BUCKS TO THE TEAM!
3

THEN, BUYING AS A TEAM, WE'LL GET BETTER PRICES FOR UNIFORMS, HATS, GLOVES, EVERYTHING, THAN BUYING THEM SINGLY!
IT'S LIKE MY DAD'S IDEAS.. MY DAD'S ON STRIKE FOR BETTER WAGES. BUT HE'D GET THE BOUNCE IF 10,000 OTHER GUYS IN HIS UNION DIDN'T STRIKE WITH HIM...

WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? GEORGIE MADE A RESOLUTION. HOW DO WE STAND ON IT? HOW MANY FOR IT?
ALL OF US! YIPPEE!

MOTION CARRIED! NOW LET'S GET TO WORK! EVERYBODY GET A JOB!
ZOWIE! WE'LL BE GETTING REAL UNIFORMS WITH "PUMAS" WRITTEN ACROSS THE CHEST!


"THE "PUMAS" WASTED NO TIME! EVERYONE OF THEM GOT JOBS AFTER SCHOOL! MICKEY GOT A PAPER ROUTE"...

"CORKY, THE CATCHER, SOLD MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS...."

"GEORGIE GOT A JOB DELIVERING ORDERS FOR A GROCERY...!
4

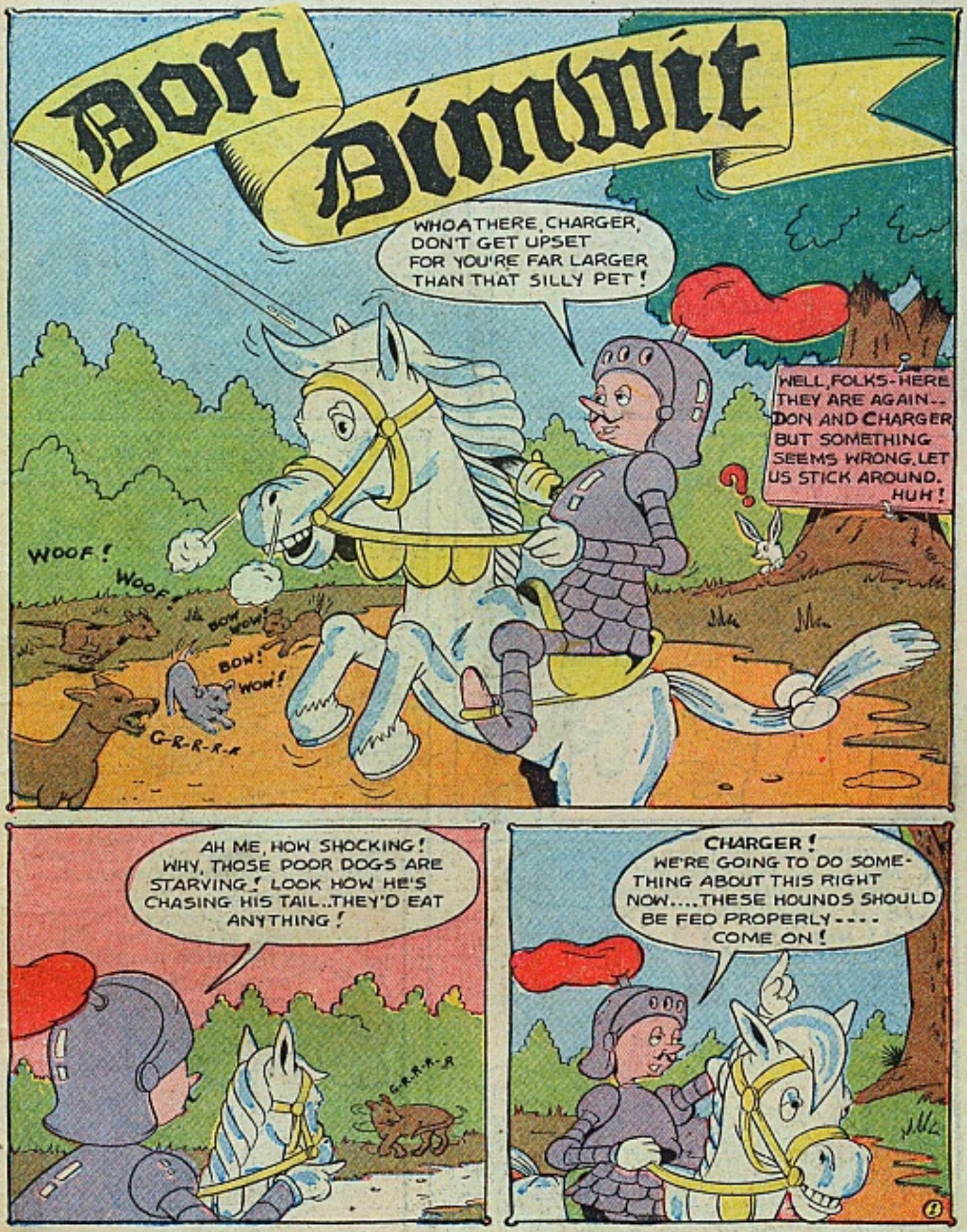
"BAZOOKA BILL, THE LEFT-FIELDER, BECAME A TELEGRAPH MESSENGER..."
42-05

"EVAN MERTON, THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON EARNED HIS OWN MONEY BY MOWING HIS FATHERS' FRIENDS' LAWNS.."

"AT THE END OF TWO WEEKS, THE "PUMAS" HELD A MOMENTOUS MEETING AT THEIR CLUBHOUSE..."
SURE, I GOT IT ALL FROM TIPS...
YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I FOUND OUT THAT MOWING LAWNS ISN'T SO AWFUL!
THAT'S A MOUTHFUL COMING FROM A MILLIONAIRE LIKE YOU!
OKAY, OKAY...THAT'S ENOUGH YA-TA-TA-YA-TA-TA! LET'S START THE MEETING! WE'RE COLLECTING MONEY FIRST! C'MON, DIG!
MOMENTS LATER...
HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE WE COLLECTED, MR. TREASURER?
ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY DOLLARS!
HOORAY! WE'RE BILLIONAIRES!
NOW THE MOMENT WE'VE ALL WAITED FOR...BUYING STUFF FOR THE PUMAS! LET'S GO!!
DOWNTOWN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER...
HOLD IT, GUYS! GEORGIE AND I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT CO-OPERATIVE BUYING IS LIKE! SAMMY, YOU GO IN AND ASK HYLANDS WHAT HE WANTS FOR A BASEBALL UNIFORM! ...
SURE THING, MICKEY!
SPORT SHOP
WHAT DID HYLANDS SAY?
HE WANTS $7.95 A UNIFORM!
HEAR THAT, GUYS? NOW LET'S ASK HYLANDS WHAT HE WANTS FOR 20 UNIFORMS!
SPOR
5

TELL US, MR. HYLANDS. WHAT ARE YOU ASKING FOR 20 BASEBALL UNIFORMS?
NATURALLY, IF YOU BUY IN QUANTITY, IT'S CHEAPER THAN IF YOU BUY INDIVIDUALLY! TWENTY UNIFORMS WILL COST ABOUT $100...
HEAR THAT, GUYS? FIVE BUCKS APIECE! WHEREAS, IF YOU BUY BY YOURSELF, IT'S ALMOST EIGHT BUCKS! WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT CO-OPERATIVES NOW!
HOORAY FOR THE CO-OPS!!
UNIFORMS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THE "PUMAS" NEED. WE'LL HAVE TO BUY GLOVES, BALLS, IN FACT, THE WHOLE WORKS!
I'VE GOT THE LIST HERE, MR. HYLANDS!
ONE WEEK LATER...
AREN'T THEY TERRIFIC?
JUST THE KIND THE BROOKLYN DODGERS WEAR!
PUT THAT PILL ACROSS, I'LL MOIDER IT!
PUMAS
NOW YOU WON'T GET A BLACK EYE LIKE LAST TIME, CORKY!
WHAT D'YA MEAN... BLACK EYE? NOT EVEN MOSQUITOS COULD GET THROUGH THIS MASK!
NOW LET'S ENTER THE TOWN CONTEST, MICKEY!
AT THE CONTEST OFFICE....
SURE, YOU KIDS CAN PLAY, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? SANTA CLAUS VISIT YOU IN SPRING?
NOPE, WE'RE OUR OWN SANTA CLAUS!
THIS IS A REAL STORY, KIDS! HOW'D YOU DO IT?
ONE WORD...
CO-OPERATION...
PUMAS
6

"THE "PUMAS" DEFEATED OPPONENT AFTER OPPONENT WITH THEIR COURAGE AND FIGHTING SPIRIT!"
HOMER! HURRAH FOR MICKEY!
THIS GAME PUTS THEM IN THE FINALS WITH THE SERPENTS!
THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE SERPENTS—THE SERPENTS'VE WON FIVE STRAIGHT CONTESTS!
"THEN CAME THE PAY-OFF GAME WITH THE MIGHTY SERPENTS..."
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS GAME WITH THE "PUMAS"? DO YOU THINK YOU'LL WIN?
WIN? WHAT AN UNDERSTATEMENT! WE'LL SLAUGHTER THE PUSSYCATS! WE'LL MAKE THOSE PUMAS LOOK LIKE KITTENS!
BALL
"BUT AS THE GAME BEGAN, EVERYBODY COULD SEE THE PUMAS' BRILLIANCE!"
YEOW! MERTON, THAT'S THE TWELFTH STRIKEOUT IN SEVEN INNINGS!
ATTA BOY, MERTON! SNAKE-EYES FOR THE SERPENTS! SNAKE EYES AND GOOSE EGGS!
"THEY BEAT THE SERPENTS AS IF THE SERPENTS WERE KINDERGARTEN AMATEURS!"
RUN GEORGIE, IT'S A DOUBLE!
THIS PUTS THE GAME ON ICE!
CRACK!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CALL IT! TO ME THEY'VE GOT MORE LUCK THAN BRAINS! JUST PLAIN LUCK... AND THE BREAKS...
CALL IT TEAMWORK IN THE BEST SENSE! 100% COOPERATION RIGHT DOWN THE LINE. THAT'S WHAT WINS!
PRESS
7
AND THE "PUMAS" AGREED WITH THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER!...
FELLOWS, I WANT TO MAKE A STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM SODA TOAST TO THE THING THAT BROUGHT US THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
MAKE IT THE RIGHT ONE, MICKEY!
PUMAS
IT IS THE RIGHT ONE — TO THE CO-OPERATIVE IDEA!
THAT'S THE STUFF!
DOWN THE HATCH!
PUMAS


Don Dimwit
WHOA THERE, CHARGER, DON'T GET UPSET FOR YOU'RE FAR LARGER THAN THAT SILLY PET!
WELL, FOLKS - HERE THEY ARE AGAIN -- DON AND CHARGER BUT SOMETHING SEEMS WRONG. LET US STICK AROUND. HUH!
WOOF!
WOOF!
BOW WOW!
BOW!
WOW!
G-R-R-R-R
AH ME, HOW SHOCKING! WHY, THOSE POOR DOGS ARE STARVING! LOOK HOW HE'S CHASING HIS TAIL..THEY'D EAT ANYTHING!
G-R-R-R-R
CHARGER! WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW....THESE HOUNDS SHOULD BE FED PROPERLY---- COME ON!

LET'S GO, CHARGER! WE SHOULD FIND SOME CHARITABLE PEOPLE AROUND HERE.
WHOA! WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE??
GIMME ALL YUH GOT, BUD!
SCREECH!
ONE SOUND OUT OF YOU AND I'LL BLOW YOU WIDE OPEN!
AH--HE MUST BE A CHARITY WORKER!
Y-YES, S-SIR!
COME ON, CHARGER. LET'S APPROACH THAT GENEROUS MAN. HE MIGHT DONATE TO OUR WORTHY CAUSE, TOO.
PARDON ME, SIR! BUT WOULD YOU MIND DOING THE SAME FOR ME AS FOR THAT LAST COLLECTOR!
YEGAD, ANOTHER THIEF! HELP!! POLICE! POLICE!
BUT ALAS--POOR DON'S EFFORTS ARE MISUNDERSTAND, AND IS SOON ALONE--
GUESS I'M NOT DOING SO GOOD- I'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE WAY THE OTHER COLLECTOR WORKS--
2

AH! WE'RE IN LUCK.... HE'S DOING IT AGAIN. LET'S WATCH HIM.
O.K., BUB. GIMME ALL YUH GOT AND SCRAM.
Y-YES, S-SIR!
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR! HOW'S BUSINESS?
I DO AS I PLEASE--AND ME BUSINESS IS GOING TO THE DOGS!
YOU MEAN IT'S ALL GOING TO THE DOGS? -- HOW WONDERFUL! CAN I HELP??
DIS WALKING TIN-CAN SOUNDS NUTS TO ME. BUT----
WELL, I'LL TELL YUH---I WUZ GOIN' T'QUIT FER DA DAY. BUT IF YOUSE WILL HELP, I'LL WOIK OVER-TIME --- (YUH, SUCKER)
WHY, I'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO SERVE SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE. WHAT SHALL I DO!
JUST HOLD DIS FOR ME WHILE I MAKE WITH DA COLLECTIONS!
H'MM--WHAT AN ODD PIECE OF PIPE!--BUT WHAT DO I DO WITH IT, HUH?
YOU JUST POINT IT AT PEOPLE WHILE I PUT THE COLLECTIONS IN DIS BAG. COME ON!

ALL I DO IS POINT THIS THING AT THEM. --HUH!
YEAH! AND GET BUSY. WE GOT A NEW CUSTOMER.
SAY!! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR FRIEND, DON? HE'S ACTUALLY HELPING THE THIEF!
I MUST SAY YOU'RE CERTAINLY A VERY GENEROUS PERSON.
YEAH - DEY USUALLY ARE
OH! OH! WHO'S THIS COMING DOWN THE ROAD?! AN OFFICER!!
SAY NOW! WHAT'S GOIN' ON DOWN HERE??
OH WELL, I GOT ALL I CAN CARRY NOW. GIVE ME BACK ME STICK.
NOT YET. ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR IS COMING!
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA --(GULP!) D-DON'T POINT THAT AT ME!
WHY! DON'T YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?
SURE HE WILL! O.K., COPPER, PUT IT IN DIS BAG!
B-BUT BUT!
MY, WHAT WONDERFUL COOPERATION!

CHEE! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET ME ONE OF DESE--YOUSE IS GOOD LUCK TO ME!
GOSH, HE SEEMED UPSET! I WONDER WHY!
HELP! POLICE! HELP!
SURE. DEY ALL GET UPSET WHEN YOUSE POINT IT AT 'EM--BUT YOUSE BETTER GIVE IT BACK TO ME.
UPSET! JUST BECAUSE I POINT IT AT 'EM? WHY!
THAT SOUNDS SILLY--BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SQUEEZE--OH, GOLLY, NOW I'VE DONE IT!
YEOW! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
ZIP!
BANG!
AND WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, THE THIEF LEAVES--BUT QUICK!
OH, DEAR, WHAT WILL I DO WITH THE MONEY NOW THAT HE'S GONE! HEY, CHARGER, COME HERE!
HELP! THIEF! HELP!
THEN AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF DEEP THOUGHT, DON MOUNTS CHARGER AND IS OFF.
COME ON, CHARGER. WE'LL TAKE THE MONEY TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES FOR DISTRIBUTION.
AT THE POLICE STATION---
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR. WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF THIS MONEY PLEASE?
IT'S A PLEASURE AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE REWARD!
WANTED
FOR DOING ALL KINDS OF STUFF. REWARD: FAT CHECK!
5

SIR. I CLAIM NO REWARD FOR MY FEEBLE EFFORTS --ALL I ASK IS EQUAL DISTRIBUTION!
FINE. THIS IS YOUR SHARE. DO WITH IT AS YOU PLEASE.
COPS!
HEY! WHAT'S DON DOING IN A BUTCHER SHOP!!
JUST MAKE THEM ALL THIS LONG.
IF IT WALKS -WE GOT IT
BUTCHER
SAVE FAT
O.K., CHARGER, WE'RE ALL SET NOW!
HY-CLASS MEATS
GOSH! I WONDER WHAT IS IN THAT BAG, AND WHAT IS DON UP TO NOW!!!
KEEP GOIN', CHARGER. I'LL GIVE IT TO THEM IN A SECOND!
WOOF
SNIFF SNIFF
OUTTA TOWN
BOW! WOW!
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD END THIS WAY, WITH OUR DEAR FRIEND, DON, GIVING HIS REWARD AWAY.
AND TO THINK IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, THESE HOT DOGS WOULD HAVE NEVER GONE TO THE DOGS!
G-R-R-R-R-R
G-R-R-R-R-R
HOME SWEET HOME
6
ANOTHER WACKY ADVENTURE WITH DON DIMWIT IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

This is the CHALLENGER PLEDGE

PLEDGE
ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. FREEDOM IS OUR COMMON HERITAGE, AND FASCISM OUR COMMON ENEMY.
THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY US SEEK FIRST TO DEFEAT US BY SETTING GENTILE AGAINST JEW--WHITE AGAINST NEGRO -- FAITH AGAINST FAITH. BUT THE UNITY OF FREE PEOPLES CANNOT BE BROKEN.
IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY AND OUR FAITH IN THE NEW WORLD BORN OUT OF THE MOST TRAGIC OF WARS, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO CHALLENGE, FIGHT, AND DEFEAT FASCISM IN ALL FORMS!
I HEREBY JOIN HANDS WITH THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD, IN ITS FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM AND BIGOTRY, AND BY SO DOING, DECLARE MYSELF A CHALLENGER.

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE FORMATION OF "CHALLENGER CLUBS" WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

To: CHIEF CHALLENGER, Suite 301, 521 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

I WISH TO SIGN THE PLEDGE OF THE CHALLENGER.
PLEASE SEND ME ☐ COPIES OF THE PLEDGE.

SIGNED .....

MY NAME IS (Print) .....

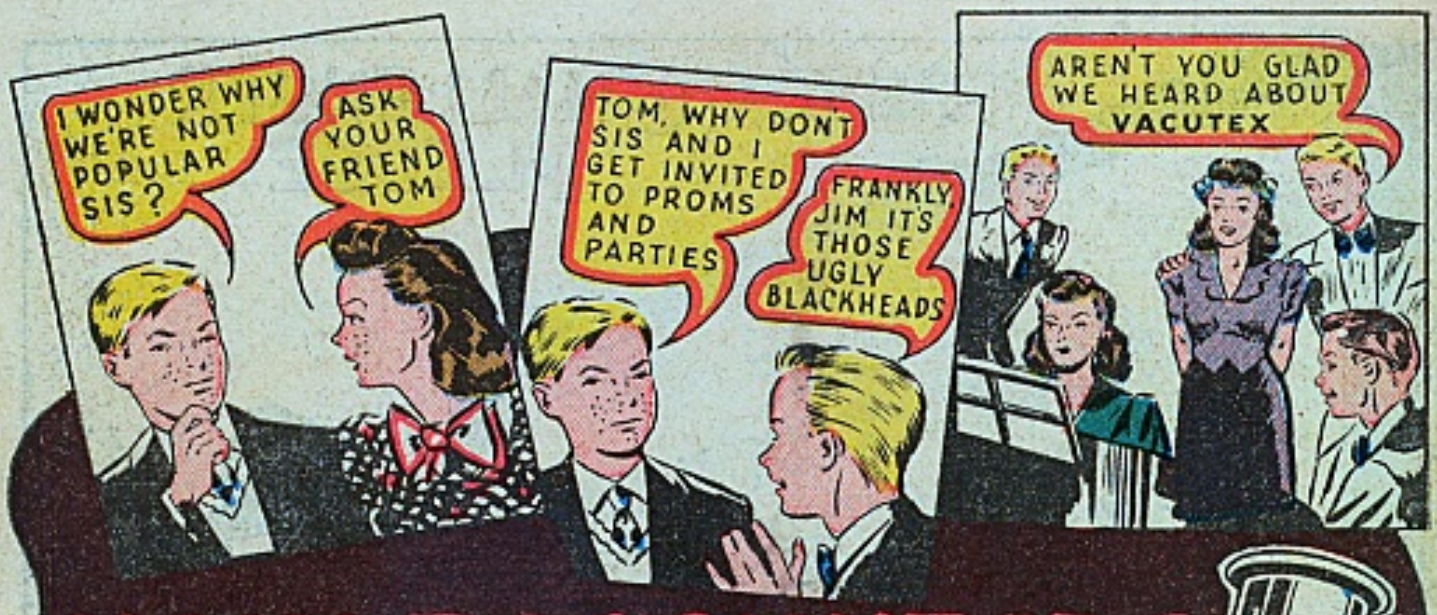
ADDRESS .....

(CITY) (STATE)

SIGN THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO THE CHIEF CHALLENGER ADDRESS, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A CHALLENGER BUTTON. IF YOU REQUIRE MORE PLEDGES FOR YOUR FRIENDS FILL IN THE NUMBER YOU WISH IN THE BOX ABOVE.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO:

CHIEF CHALLENGER
521 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
SUITE 301.


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS
AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how em barrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

RUSH COUPON
10 DAY TRIAL

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BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept 9-A
19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage. My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.) SORRY NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

Chief Challenger
Dear Sir:

Life is at best something all peoples must ponder over at some time or another. Be they black or white your very interesting pledge is something that warms my heart that someone else besides can see there is much need now in the world for tolerance and understanding.

I am a graduate nurse unable to follow my profession due to arthritis. Being a RN so long I've come into contact with all sorts of people and I see no reason why you do not go further with your plan and have a radio program to back up what you've started. I feel sure all real Americans do not want another war.

I take these funnies to the clinics at John Hopkins Hospital and other places where there are children.

Mrs. B. Burns

Baltimore , Md.

"Sandways"
Hall Crescent,
Hadleigh,
Essex
England
April 18th

Dear Chief Challenger,

A friend of mine who lives in Canada has sent me a copy of "Scapegoat", and although I live some distance from New York, I'd be very pleased if you would allow me to become a "Challenger." Not wishing to inconvenience you in any way, but do you think that an American Challenger of 14 years would care

LETTERS
TO THE CHALLENGER

CHALLENGER CLUBS
OF AMERICA